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# The Repentance of Croesus

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J. S. BARCUS

New York



✓  
The Repentance  
of Cræsus

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By  
JAMES S. BARCUS ✓  
" "

Illustrations by  
LAWRENCE HARRIS



NEW YORK

1914

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*✓*  
*R*



THE purpose of this drama is to entertain by the love story and the human interest.

The object is to help awaken conscience as to social justice.

The hope is to point in the direction of solving the vexing problem—the cost of living—by indicating one method of evening-up opportunities.

Up C



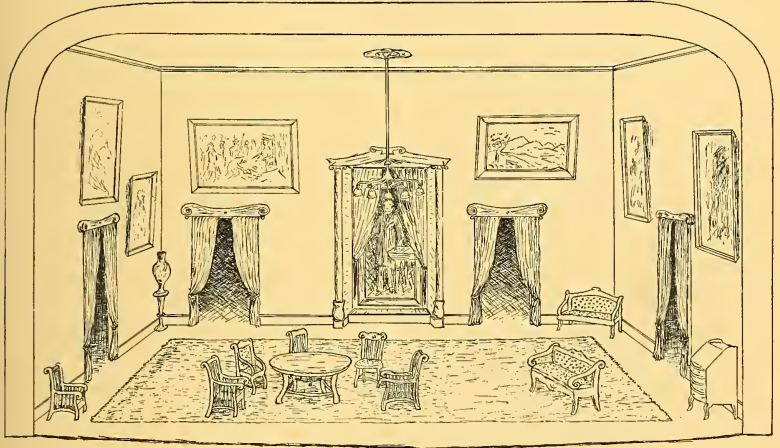
Down

Set for Act I

Up R

Up C

Up L C



Down

Set for Acts II, III and IV



OLIVER RAYMOND



KATHRYN RAYMOND



FRANK PAYTON



LORD HENRY



JOHN McFALL





MABEL FOSS



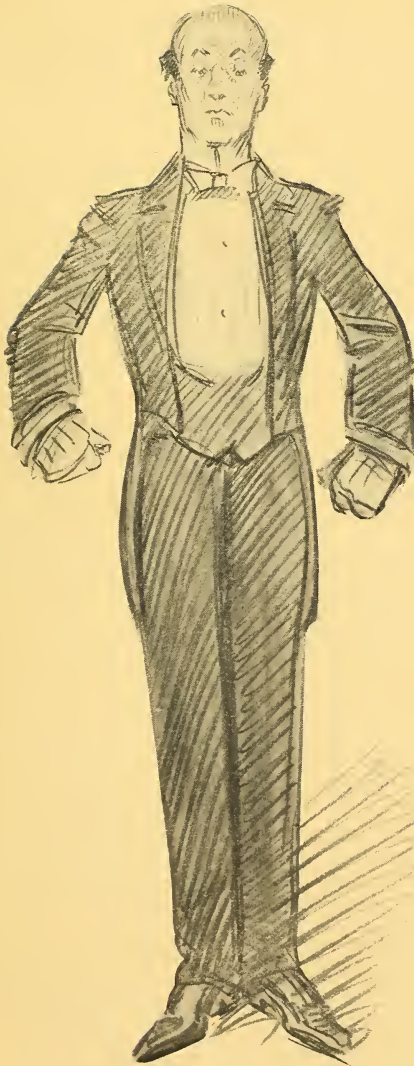
SIDNEY RAYMOND



MARK HARDING



ADAM STERN



CHARLES

## PROLOGUE

In the midst of plenty there's hunger;  
There's surfeit of store while men starve.  
The bounty of Nature is ample,  
If the Host would but evenly carve.

The giants of strength in body,  
Contrasting with feeble of arm—  
Again the proportion is wanting,  
And the weak view the strong with alarm.

The prodigious mental achievement  
Unlocks the great storehouse of thought,  
While the unthinking multitude wonder—  
Their endowments of wisdom are naught.

The wills of iron—all unyielding—  
O'erwhelming the weak,—right or wrong,  
Accuse the omniscient Maker  
Of attending some subjects too long.

Some hoping, some dreading the future,  
No two in the same even path,  
The Span of diff'rentiation  
From bliss to most terrible wrath.

The wisdom of Nature you'd question?  
You pronounce her work spurious alloy?  
Should God, if unbounded and mighty,  
Bestow on us nothing but joy?

Perhaps you are right in your meaning.  
But surely your logic is wrong;  
Your plan is to mould Nature over,  
But where Nature points we belong.

To appreciate primitive wisdom  
Look facts in the face as they are,  
And yield to unchanging conditions,  
Then follow your own guiding star.

Sweet Charity feeds upon hunger;  
Men strive for the plenty in store;  
Such struggling induces our growing,  
And stronger all men than before.

But it's better to give even chances;  
To live and let live in your day.  
Compensation attends ev'ry purpose—  
Gather little or much, you must pay.

So, avoid any unfair advantage;  
Do all in your power for the weak.—  
Not because of your own sublime goodness,  
But that selfish contentment you seek.

# The Repentance of Croesus

A Drama in Four Acts.

By James S. Barcus.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ADAM STERN.....	<i>Temporary cook</i>
JOHN MCFALL.....	<i>Farmer</i>
MARK HARDING.....	<i>Labor agitator</i>
OLIVER RAYMOND.....	<i>Multimillionaire</i>
LORD HENRY.....	<i>Suing for Kathryn's hand</i>
FRANK PAYTON..	<i>Adopted son of John McFall; student, afterwards professor, in Raymond University</i>
SIDNEY RAYMOND.....	<i>Oliver Raymond's son</i>
KATHRYN RAYMOND.....	<i>Oliver Raymond's daughter</i>
CHARLES.....	<i>Raymond's butler</i>
MABEL FOSS.....	<i>Sidney's fiancée</i>

1874



# THE COST OF LIVING

## ACT I.

SCENE—*Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity Club House at up L., with door facing toward R. down, bell button on door facing. Hedge fence running along from R. 1 to R. 3, and then across up to Club House. Outdoor court of Club House within hedge down. Summer house with pergola effect at up R. On raised platform in summer house, four chairs. Low table at R. C. down, and two chairs. On table a call-bell. Rustic seat at L. C. down, facing R. down. Pillows on seat. Tabourette near seat. Rustic chair at R. 2. Roadway running along beyond hedge up; and beyond roadway Raymond University Buildings and Campus shown on canvas. A gate at hedge through up C., leading to roadway.*

TIME—2.00 P. M., Saturday, in June, 1911.

PLACE—*Raymond Manor, suburb of New York.*

ADAM

*(Discovered at rise, with cook's hat and apron, stands near the table, whistling absentmindedly. He takes a large ring from his pocket, places it on his finger and gazes at it.)*

JOHN

*(In picturesque slouch hat and farmer's get-up, unobserved by Adam, comes to gate, bearing a hamper of vegetables, which he rests upon the gate-post, looks about, and then bluntly says to Adam)*

What ye lookin' at?

ADAM

*(Startled, looks at John)*

Hello, Parsnips!

JOHN

*(Appearing indignant, lifts hamper, carries it and sets it on table, pulls out red bandana, wipes perspiration from face, gives Adam a hard look, and in resentful tone retorts)*

Say, Adam, did callin' names ever git ye anything?

ADAM

*(With teasing sarcasm)*

Well, howd'y, Mr. John McFall. How's that?

JOHN

If I'd call you nicknames fer ridicule, what do ye suppose 'ld be the first one?

ADAM

I don't know. Let 'er rip.

JOHN

I reckon I'd call ye job-lots, 'cause ye think ye kin do anything, and ye never stick to anything long 'nuff to do it.

ADAM

I should worry a lot, and pay taxes on it!

JOHN

Ye can't fix yerself fer a rainy day by sneerin' at ever'body.

ADAM

I don't need fixin'.

*(Laughing)*

I kin do anythin' from bein' a cook to bein' an actor.

*(Prances toward R., takes off cap, tosses it whirling above his head, catches it on his head as it comes down.)*

JOHN

Guess ye can. Ye had 'bout fourteen jobs in the last year, ain't ye?

ADAM

Nope, 'bout six.

JOHN

Waal, yer job cookin' at this here Club House ben't permanent, be it?

ADAM

*(X's to table)*

I hope not. I'm jest substitutin'. Regular guy's mother-in-law died, and he's celebratin'.

*(Absentmindedly holds up hand and gazes at ring.)*

JOHN

*(Laughs)*

What ye doin' with that big ring on yer finger. That's what ye wuz lookin' at, eh?

ADAM

That's me luck sign—the scales. I know all 'bout astrology.

JOHN

Ye ain't gittin' rich at it, neither.

ADAM

It's mostly luck what makes anybody rich. Depends on how y'er born.

JOHN

You must be one o' them reg'lar eugenic babies.

ADAM

Say, John, hev ye got a quarter?

JOHN

*(Suspiciously)*

Yes, and what's more, I'm goin' to keep it.

ADAM

I'll hand it right back when I show ye a trick.

JOHN

*(Hands Adam a quarter.)*

ADAM

*(Lays quarter in the palm of his left hand, shows the empty palm of his right hand, rubs his hands quickly together, and pretends an incantation; then exposes the palm of his left hand, in which lie two quarters.)*

JOHN

By gum, how'd ye do it?

ADAM

Easy. Here's yer quarter—

*(Hands John the quarter.)*

And here's mine.

*(Holds up the other quarter.)*

MARK

*(Enters at gate, blurts out to Adam and John)*

Evenin'!

ADAM

Me old friend, Mark Harding! What brung you here?

MARK

*(X's to table.)*

I come out to here to see Raymond.

ADAM

Sidney Raymond?

MARK

No! I mean the main squeeze, Oliver Raymond. Ain't he here?

ADAM

Nope.

MARK

He's goin' to be here. It wuz piped off to me straight.

ADAM

I don't know nothin' 'bout it. Frank told me to roast a big chunk 'f beef, and I'm doin' it.

JOHN

I reckon that's what these vegetables is fer! Frank didn't say nothin', jest telephoned me to bring 'em.

ADAM

Frank's a wise one. He don't tell nobody much.

JOHN

Frank's some boy, all right!

MARK

How'd ye ever git hold uv that boy?

JOHN

Oh, I 'dopted 'im when he wuz a four-year-old—and he's educated hisself, too!

ADAM

He sure has larned a lot. Them rich guys is all jealous uv 'im. I hear 'em talkin' 'bout one another when they don't think I'm wise.

JOHN

What'd they say?

ADAM

Oh, they can't *savy* how he can wait on 'em, and then beat 'em out on lessons.

JOHN

Do they talk that way?

ADAM

Ye kin bet yer best heifer they do.

JOHN

Waal, hev they had all their 'zams?

ADAM

Yes. And hearin' 'em talk, I guess Frank got the best marks uv any of 'em.

*(Laughs heartily)*

When Sidney was gittin' pickled, he smashed a champagne glass, and said he'd git ever' Perfessor fer givin' him poorer marks than that bastard, Frank Payton.

JOHN

*(Enraged, starts to roll up sleeves, in threatening manner)*

Did Sidney Raymond call 'im that? He knows 'tain't so.

ADAM

Ah, he wuz drunk.

JOHN

Did Frank hear 'im say that?

ADAM

No, and don't tell 'im. Don't start nothin'.

MARK

Sidney Raymond's brains 'ld need a guide to keep from bein' lost in Frank's head.

JOHN

*(Pleased)*

Frank's respectful to everybody, and he ain't ashamed o' work. Keeps up his studies, teaches a class in one o' them slum districts and helps me. He kin plow a straighter furry than the Secretary o' Agriculture.

FRANK

*(Enters from Club House, in waiter's apron, X's to table. To John)*

Hello, dad! Got some nice vegetables?

JOHN

Yes, my boy. Picked 'em out careful.

FRANK

Good-morning, Mark. What can I do for you?

MARK

*(To Frank)*

I want to see old Raymond. Is he here?

FRANK

You mean Mr. Oliver Raymond?

MARK

Yes. You know'd who I meant!

FRANK

I'm not running Mr. Raymond's business.

MARK

He's comin' here for lunch.

FRANK

Then you know all about it.

MARK

Yes, I know more'n you think. He's comin' here with that English lord, what's visitin' this country, an' Miss Raymond's comin', too. An' I could tell ye some more.

FRANK

I prefer not to know too much about other people's business.

MARK

They played a trick on Miss Raymond to git 'er out here to meet that lord. She ain't rubberin' to see fur-riners. She's an *American* girl.

ADAM

Gee! Mark, how'd ye git wised up?

MARK

If I told ye that, ye'd know as much as me. It wuz leaked into my coco, that's all; and I ain't goin' t' give nobody 'way. When a big mogul won't see a representative o' the laborin' classes, and goes on grindin' em down, ye don't think they're goin' to perfect his secrets, do ye?

ADAM

I'm on! Got it from the telephone girl.

MARK

I ain't said nothin'! Nor I ain't makin' it me bizness why he's goin' to be here. I wuz put next, 'cause it wuz a chance to git to see 'im.

FRANK

Don't you know Mr. Raymond never sees anybody except by appointment?

MARK

Ain't I tried it 'nuff to know?

FRANK

Then what's the use of trying it here?

MARK

'Cause there hain't no walls 'round the atmosphere out here, is there? I reckon he'll hear what I say, unless he stops up his ears.

ADAM

Did ye ever git a squint at Raymond?

MARK

No.

ADAM

Well, I seen him once, and when he plants his peepers on you he won't hev to say nothin'. The language of his look 'll sound like a thirteen-inch gun, and you'll chase yourself so fast you'll need non-skids gittin' 'round the corner.

MARK

Cut out the danger signals and jest watch me! A walkin' delegate ain't 'feared to talk to nobody.

FRANK

Aren't the workmen satisfied?

MARK

*(Putting finger to mouth, as if to make a confidant of Frank)*

I ain't; and they don't know no better. Ye know the walkin' delegate's got to tell 'em what's good fer 'em.

ADAM

What a cinch! Ye don't do nothin' but jest go 'round and stir up trouble, an' then git paid fer it.

MARK

*(To Frank)*

They're goin' to strike fer a ten-per-cent. raise. The cost o' livin's too high fer the wages.

*(With sudden inspiration)*

Say!

*(Glancing at John, then to Frank)*

Yer dad kin tell us 'bout this high cost o' livin' bizness. He's the guy what puts the eat in eatables. Ha! ha!

*(To John)*

Don't they soak us fer garden vegetables now, though?

JOHN

I don't git it. It don't come to us farmers.

MARK

But ye know they soak 'em in the city.



JOHN

Waal, I reckon! You city guys pay the retailers about five dollars fer stuff what gits me 'bout one dollar. Them's facts! I can prove it,—By gum!

MARK

Ain't that scandalous? Set a feller back a V-spot fer what fetches one plunk to the man what raises it. If a feller ain't holdin' down a good job, he can't look a square meal in the face.

JOHN

*(To Frank)*

There's cheatin' some place. When I git only one dollar fer stuff; and Mark, livin' in the city, has to pay five dollars fer it! Ain't it graft? Who gits the other four dollars?

FRANK

There's the problem of the age, dad. But I must look after my work.

*(Exit to Club House.)*

MARK

*(Slaps John on back)*

By golly, mister, you gotta smart boy.

ADAM

The way them captains uv industry git it all fer themselves, and don't leave nothin' fer nobody else—just like sleight-o'-hand. Gimme your hat, John.

*(Quickly takes John's hat from his head.)*

Gimme yours, Mark.

*(Takes Mark's hat. Takes off cap. Quickly picks up three radishes, and appears to place one under each hat, on the ground.)*

Now you think we've got one reddish 'piece, don't you?

JOHN

Waal, I know there's one under my hat.

MARK

I got one under mine.

ADAM

How many do ye think I got under mine?

JOHN AND MARK

*(In concert)*

One!

ADAM

*(Proudly)*

Watch the professor!

*(Lifts John's hat, and hands it to him.)*

JOHN

By gum! it's gone!

ADAM

*(Lifts Mark's hat and hands it to him.)*

MARK

Mine's gone, too!

ADAM

*(Lifts his own cap.)*

JOHN

By gum, there's all three uv 'em!

ADAM

*(Picks up and lays radishes on table)*

I'm the captain uv industry! I got all, and you got none, and ye don't know how I done it!

JOHN

Ain't it so?

ADAM

I'm jest doin' this fer fun. They do it in earnest, and keep the stuff, and let the others suffer.

MARK

It takes a smart one to ketch Adam at these tricks, and it takes another kind uv smart one to ketch the selfish rich guys in their tricks uv trade.

*(Slapping John on the shoulder)*

But you've got a boy here what kin ketch 'em.

JOHN

*(Proudly)*

I'm 'spectin' my boy'll tell 'em what's wrong some day,—  
By gum!

MARK

*(Meditatively)*

Mind ye, I ain't got no kick on Raymond person'ly; he's 'bout the fairest uv any uv 'em. But 'tain't even chances when one man can make a hundred million dollars offen workmen; and he's got a hundred millions, they say.

ADAM

Twice that! Why, Raymond's a modern Cræsus.

MARK

*(Grabs hamper, quickly takes out and lays upon table three big potatoes. Carried away with his enthusiasm)*

Now, see here! If these pertaters wuz all they wuz to eat in this room, and all uv us wuz hungry, what'd ye think uv me if I'd take 'em all over in one corner—

*(Picks up potatoes, X's quickly to rustic seat, lays potatoes on seat, and puts right hand in hip pocket and draws it, points finger at John and Mark as if with a gun)*

—and draw a gun on ye, and say, I only need one of these pertaters, but, mind! you ginks can't have none?

*(Picks up potatoes and X's to table and lays them on table)*

Ain't it wrong?

*(NOISE OF AUTOMOBILE APPROACHING IN DISTANCE.)*

ADAM

*(Tiptoes quickly to gate, looks up road R. Excitedly to all)*  
Here comes Raymond's car!

JOHN

*(Quickly adjusts vegetables in hamper. Excitedly)*

I'll take these in.

*(Picks up hamper. Exit to Club House.)*

ADAM

*(To Mark)*

I wouldn't start nothin' here.

MARK

*(Straightens up, faces gate, folds arms, droops head, assumes studious, defiant pose. To Adam)*

Jest watch me!

**(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE COMING NEARER.)**

ADAM

*(Walks hastily toward Mark)*

Ye'd better git out o' here. I'm goin' to work.

*(Exit pell-mell to Club House.)*

MARK

*(Looks about nervously, drops his hands, walks stealthily toward gate, looks up roadway R.)*

**(AUTOMOBILE SOUND NEARER, COMES TO STOP.)**

MARK

*(Trembles, and then fairly shakes, looks about, cuts and runs down roadway L.)*

RAYMOND AND LORD HENRY

*(In automobile costume, enter at gate, cross to rustic seat.)*

RAYMOND

*(With sweeping gesture)*

My lord, this is Raymond University.

LORD HENRY

*(Adjusts monocle to eye, looks deliberately about)*

I say, Mr. Raymond, it's neat as Oxford!

FRANK

*(Enters from Club House, X's to L. C.)*

LORD HENRY

**(DURING DIALOGUE BETWEEN RAYMOND AND FRANK, X'S DELIBERATELY BACK AND FORTH, UP AND DOWN, LOOKS ABOUT QUIZ-ZICALLY.)**

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

Are you in charge?

FRANK

Yes, sir.

RAYMOND

Is Sidney Raymond here?

FRANK

Yes, he's at breakfast.

RAYMOND

*(In astonishment)*

Breakfast?

*(Looks at watch)*

Why, it's two o'clock.

*(Breaks)*

Is Miss Raymond here?

LORD HENRY

*(Stops short, listens.)*

FRANK

No. You are Mr. Oliver Raymond?

RAYMOND

Yes. I expected my daughter.

FRANK

Miss Raymond telephoned from the Riding Academy.

RAYMOND

Is she coming?

FRANK

Yes. She asked me to tell you she'd be a little late—

RAYMOND

*(Sharply)*

How's that?

FRANK

Coming on horseback.

RAYMOND

*(Impatiently)*

On horseback?

FRANK

To try out her new horse, and stop on the way to see a poor family.

RAYMOND

*(Appearing indifferent)*

Kindly tell Sidney, Lord Henry and I are here.

RAYMOND AND LORD HENRY

*(Remove automobile top-coats, and hand them to Frank.)*

FRANK

*(Nods assent, exit to Club House.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Looking about, curiously)*

It's a bally Club House!

RAYMOND

*(Proudly)*

Sidney presented it to his fraternity. I believe there's nothing to equal it in this country.

FRANK

*(Enters from Club House, X's to rustic seat.)*

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

Why is it so quiet? Nobody about?

FRANK

*(Adjusts rustic seat and tabourette)*

Reports on final examinations were received yesterday, and the students have scattered.

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

Any students here?

FRANK

Only Sidney and myself.

RAYMOND

I thought you were in charge of this Club House?

FRANK

I do chores to pay expenses.

RAYMOND

Yes, I know some of the boys do that. When shall you graduate?

FRANK

This year.

RAYMOND

Then you're in Sidney's class?

FRANK

Yes.

RAYMOND

*(Patronizingly)*

So you passed your examinations?

FRANK

Yes, sir.

RAYMOND

Of course Sidney passed everything?

FRANK

I think so.

LORD HENRY

*(To Raymond, fawning)*

I'm jolly sure Sidney will come right.

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

Are you to look after our luncheon?

FRANK

Yes, sir.

RAYMOND

*(With dignity)*

Have a table for four.

FRANK

*(Indicating bell on table)*

Please ring when you are ready.

*(Exit to Club House.)*

SIDNEY

*(Enters from Club House, X's to table)*

Good afternoon, Lord Henry!

*(To Raymond)*

Hello, Governor! Did it work?

RAYMOND

Yes, Kathryn is coming.

SIDNEY

*(X's to rustic seat, sits)*

Why is she late?

RAYMOND

*(Impatiently)*

Riding out on her new horse.

*(To Lord Henry)*

I'm a little worried about Kathryn. Ned—that's her new horse—is the most spirited one in her entire string, and not used to country roads.

SIDNEY

Kathryn'll break her neck some day doing stunts no other girl'd take a chance at.

LORD HENRY

I dare say the groom will protect her.

RAYMOND

She probably has no groom. She prefers riding alone.

LORD HENRY

Remarkable girl! Why do you let her?

RAYMOND

In all of Kathryn's conduct, I've never thought it necessary either to let or hinder.



LORD HENRY

*(Rises, adjusts monocle to eye, folds hands behind his back, sets feet apart, sways slightly back and forth, as if to contradict the doubt in his own mind)*

I say, Mr. Raymond, are you quite sure your daughter, after avoiding to meet me on the two social occasions, won't take offense at being trapped like this?

RAYMOND

Oh, she'll be reasonable.

LORD HENRY

Why is she so down on titles?

RAYMOND

*(Conciliatory)*

We hope she'll like you for yourself—once she meets you.

SIDNEY

*(Rises. Anxiously)*

Then she'll be glad we laid this plot.

LORD HENRY

Think of any American girl not wanting a title!

SIDNEY

*(Contemptuously)*

Her social settlement work has made her daffy!

LORD HENRY

How so, dear boy?

SIDNEY

*(Shrugging shoulders)*

Thinks it would be odd-like to marry an American.

*(X's to Club House entrance, rings.)*

RAYMOND

She doesn't seem inclined to marry at all.

LORD HENRY

*(Meditating, resuming natural pose, drops monocle)*

I hope she's coming.

*(Sits.)*

RAYMOND

Oh, she'll be here.

*(Rises, looks at watch)*

I'm getting hungry!

*(To Sidney)*

Were you sick last night?

SIDNEY

No, dad. Why?

*(X's to table.)*

RAYMOND

Just got up.

SIDNEY

*(Apologetically)*

The boys had a little jamboree last night.

RAYMOND

*(Lifts hand in playful protest.)*

FRANK

*(In shirt-sleeves and waiter's apron, enters from Club House.)*

SIDNEY

*(To Frank)*

Get some wine!

FRANK

*(Nods acquiescence, exit to Club House.)*

RAYMOND

*(In mock rebuke)*

Right after getting up?

SIDNEY

Well, dad, I've got to have a bracer. I'll be all right!

RAYMOND

But not for luncheon?

SIDNEY

No, I don't want a bite.

*(To Lord Henry)*

But I'll stay till sister arrives.

LORD HENRY

I fancy that will be soon.

*(Rises.)*

FRANK

*(Enters with bottle of wine, in cooler, and three large champagne glasses, X's to table, draws cork, fills one glass.)*

RAYMOND

None for me!

LORD HENRY

*(To Raymond)*

Perhaps I'd better not.

SIDNEY

*(To Frank)*

That's all.

FRANK

*(Exit to Club House.)*

SIDNEY

*(Hastily drains glass, starts to refill it.)*

*(SOUND OF HORSE'S FEET, RUNNING RAPIDLY IN DISTANCE.)*

RAYMOND

*(Starts, listens, X's to gate and looks up road toward R. Lifts his hand for attention)*

It's Kathryn! She's trying to make her new horse break the re—

*(Breaks, starts violently, exclaims)*

My God! The horse is running away with her!

LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Rush to gate.)*

*(SOUND OF HORSE'S RUNNING GETS NEARER.)*

RAYMOND

What can we do?

SIDNEY

*(Angrily)*

She's a fool to ride that horse!

LORD HENRY

*(Helplessly)*

I say! What can be done? Isn't there a lackey?

FRANK

*(Appears in door of Club House.)*

LORD HENRY

If somebody doesn't stop that horse, he'll kill her!

*(Dances around in helpless excitement.)*

RAYMOND

*(In desperation)*

My poor Kathryn!

LORD HENRY

*(Much excited)*

Isn't there a man about?

FRANK

*(Slings off apron, rushes out at gate and up road R.)*

RAYMOND, LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Stand in awe at gate and gaze up road.)*

JOHN

*(With hat in hand, enters from Club House, excitedly X's to gate, exit up road R.)*

ADAM

*(Enters from Club House, X's to gate, excitedly)*

Heavens!

*(X's rapidly to table, dances about nervously.)*

SIDNEY

*(Excitedly)*

He can't do it!

LORD HENRY

Like trying to stop a train!

RAYMOND

*(With great emotion)*

I hope!—there!—he's reached her! Look! Look!

*(SOUND OF HORSE'S RUNNING GROWS VERY NEAR. COMMOTION. WOMAN'S SCREAM.)*

RAYMOND

*(Excitedly)*

He saved her!

RAYMOND, LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Excitedly step away from gate.)*

*(SOUND OF HORSE'S HOOFS ON ROADWAY, AS IF HORSE WERE TRYING TO ESCAPE.)*

FRANK

*(Enters, carrying Kathryn in his arms, places her on rustic seat.)*

KATHRYN.

*(In chic riding costume, her crop hanging to her wrist.)*

RAYMOND

*(Quickly sits beside Kathryn, and rests her head on his shoulder.)*

LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Dance around ineffectually.)*

FRANK

*(Quietly)*

I'll get some water.

*(Exit to Club House.)*

JOHN

*(X's on the roadway of hedge from R. to L., leading fractious horse; the horse, having on ladies' astride-saddle, double rein, snaffle-bit bridle, rearing and plunging, exit road L.)*

ADAM

*(X's rapidly to up R., watches John and horse disappear, turns about, facing down, throws hands in air, excitedly fans self with apron, X's to Club House, exit.)*

LORD HENRY

*(X's to Raymond, gazes at Kathryn.)*

RAYMOND

*(Not diverted. To Lord Henry)*

She just fainted. I don't see how she could be hurt much, the way he caught her.

LORD HENRY

*(With droll manner)*

Wasn't it lucky I thought to call for a man?

SIDNEY

This ought to be a lesson to her!

*(X's to table, drinks two more glasses of wine, X's to Kathryn.)*

FRANK

*(Enters with a pitcher of water, a glass and a towel. Fills glass and hands it to Raymond; wets end of towel from pitcher and sets pitcher on tabourette.)*

RAYMOND

Here, Kathryn, drink this.

*(Puts glass to her lips.)*

KATHRYN

*(Revives a little, drinks.)*

RAYMOND

*(Takes towel and rubs moistened part over Kathryn's face.)*

KATHRYN

*(Revives)*

Oh, I remember, now.

RAYMOND

How do you feel, dear?

KATHRYN

I'm all right, father.

RAYMOND

*(With emotion)*

I'm so glad you're not hurt.

KATHRYN

No. I was just frightened.

*(Smiles, rises, reflecting, looks about)*

Who saved me?

SIDNEY

*(In a flash)*

Well, Lord Henry, really—

RAYMOND

*(Rises)*

Kathryn, I have a surprise for you.

*(To Lord Henry)*

Allow me to present my daughter. Kathryn, Lord Henry.

KATHRYN

*(Extending hand)*

I'm very glad to meet you, Lord Henry; and I thank you. What a brave act it was! I certainly thank you!

LORD HENRY

Well, I—er—I—er—am delighted to—er—to have—er—the pleasure of meeting you, Miss Raymond. I—er—I—er—am so sorry you met with the accident.

KATHRYN

But I'm not hurt, my lord, and I have you to thank.

*(Looking doubtfully at Lord Henry, then looking at Frank, to Raymond)*

Am I correct, father?

RAYMOND

*(Apologetically)*

Well, Lord Henry *did* suggest it.

KATHRYN

*(Turning to Frank, and quickly X'ing toward him)*

What's the matter with your hand? Look at the blood!

FRANK

*(Lifting his right hand)*

I hadn't noticed it.

*(Hesitating)*

It's nothing, I think.

KATHRYN

*(Excitedly)*

And your clothes are torn! What happened?

FRANK

I think my hand caught in the—

*(Hesitates, looks at Raymond.)*

RAYMOND

*(Embarrassed)*

This young man actually caught the horse. What Sidney meant was that Lord Henry called for somebody to do it.

KATHRYN

*(Cynically)*

I see.

SIDNEY

*(Snaps his finger in vexation, X's toward R. 2.)*

LORD HENRY

*(In confusion, follows Sidney; enters into pantomime with him.)*

KATHRYN

How did it happen?

*(Taking Frank's hand.)*

FRANK

I think I caught my wrist in the snaffle.

KATHRYN

Let me see.

*(Rolls up Frank's sleeve, artlessly)*

Oh, dear me, that's cut! Give me a handkerchief.



FRANK

I think it's nothing.

RAYMOND

*(X's to table, sits, eagerly watches Kathryn.)*

KATHRYN

It is! I'm going to boss this job. Please give me your handkerchief.

FRANK

*(Takes folded handkerchief from pocket, hands it to Kathryn.)*

KATHRYN

*(Naively)*

Please sit down.

FRANK

*(Meekly sits.)*

KATHRYN

*(Proceeds to bandage Frank's wrist, while doing so)*

What became of my horse?

FRANK

The stable boy has charge of him. He's in good hands.

KATHRYN

*(Takes towel, moistens end of towel from pitcher, washes off blood that has run down on hand, triumphantly)*

Now, Mr. Hero, am I not a good nurse?

FRANK

*(Rises, complacently)*

You're a good nurse. But I'm no hero.

KATHRYN

*(Playfully)*

Don't start a debate.

FRANK

*(Smiles)*

Thank you!

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

We're ready for luncheon.

FRANK

In a few minutes, sir.

*(Takes pitcher, glass and towel, X's to Club House entrance, picks up apron, exit.)*

RAYMOND

*(Rises.)*

KATHRYN

*(To Sidney)*

Who is that young man?

LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Cross to Kathryn.)*

SIDNEY

*(While X'ing, scornfully)*

Slings hash to pay expenses.

KATHRYN

Expenses? Doesn't he get a salary?

SIDNEY

Works his way through college.

KATHRYN

Oh! He's a student?

SIDNEY

Yes.

KATHRYN

*(Animated)*

What's his name?

SIDNEY

*(Petulantly)*

Frank Payton.

KATHRYN

*(Gazes wistfully toward Club House.)*

RAYMOND

*(X's to Kathryn)*

Yes, I found out all about him. He graduates this year, same as Sidney.

LORD HENRY

*(To Kathryn, importantly)*

Oh, yes! Your father heckled him; but, after all, he's a servant.

KATHRYN

Oh, but he must be a fine boy!

SIDNEY

Been petted and spoiled by the professors. Sympathy, I suppose.

KATHRYN

Is he popular with his classmates?

SIDNEY

Yes, they run him in as halfback in one or two important games; and the boys fell for him.

KATHRYN

Then he must have given a good account of himself in the games.

SIDNEY

Yes, but it's brute force—

RAYMOND

He looks as strong as an ox.

SIDNEY

*(Disgusted)*

Ought to be. Country boob!

KATHRYN

*(To Raymond, to relieve tension)*

Father, I apologize for keeping you waiting.

*(Light-heartedly)*

Aren't you all hungry?

RAYMOND

*(To Kathryn, with evident purpose of leaving her and Lord Henry alone)*

Kathryn, I'll go and see if your horse is cared for.

*(To Sidney)*

Will you show me the way?

SIDNEY

Sure, Dad.

RAYMOND AND SIDNEY

*(Exeunt at gate.)*

LORD HENRY

I say, again, *I am* delighted to meet you, Miss Raymond. I hope you're not angry because we arranged it this way.

KATHRYN

*(Nonchalantly)*

Not at all! Not at all!

LORD HENRY

May I say at the outset that your father has graciously given his consent that I pay you court?

KATHRYN

*(Laughing earnestly)*

Oh, my lord! I have another year in boarding-school.

*(Breaks, light-heartedly)*

I'm going to avoid the courthouse for a long time yet.

LORD HENRY

"Courthouse"? What does it mean,—"Courthouse"?

KATHRYN

*(Using riding-crop for pointer, as if to make a diagram on ground, deliberately and in mock earnestness)*

Well, you know, there is some relation between *court* and *courthouse*. *You—*

*(Pointing with crop, nearly jabbing Lord Henry)*  
say my father—

(*Pointing toward gate where Raymond has just gone out*)  
said you—

(*Again pointing to Lord Henry with crop*)  
could have *his*—

(*Again pointing toward gate*)  
consent to pay—

(*Pointing to herself with handle of crop*)  
*me court*. Then I—

(*Again pointing to herself*)  
said I would keep away from the *courthouse*. You see—  
(*Carefully diagraming on ground with crop*)  
*court—courthouse*.

LORD HENRY

Ha! Ha! I see! It's a joke. One of your American jokes, isn't it? Courthouse! That's rippin'! What you call *bully*!

KATHRYN

(*Teasing, in mock earnestness*)

What a splendid thing it would have been, my lord, on this momentous occasion, if Mr. Payton had not gotten in your way and had permitted *you* to rescue me! Wouldn't that have been romantic?

LORD HENRY

(*Densely*)

He didn't exactly get in my way, you know. I didn't say that. But on my estates, I'm so accustomed to calling a lackey to do that sort of thing—well, I just—it didn't occur to me that I could do it myself, you know. I wish I had, because it was quite easy. Anybody could have done it. I saw how the man did it.

KATHRYN

That's interesting. How *did* he do it?

LORD HENRY

Oh, just ran up and met the horse and grabbed his  
bridle.

KATHRYN

(*Eagerly*)

Yes? Yes?

LORD HENRY

(*Gesticulates, excitedly*)

Grabbed his bridle near the mouth, ran alongside of him for a little way; then, all of a sudden, braced himself, jerked the horse's head downward—and, you know, that threw the horse; you came tumbling over the horse's head, you know, and the man just caught you with the other arm. That's all. Perfectly simple.

KATHRYN

(*Carried away with enthusiasm*)

And I didn't strike the ground at all?

(*Breaks, sarcastically, deliberately*)

How simple! Why, any *man* could have done that.

LORD HENRY

Yes, of course. So, after all, it doesn't matter much; though it would have been romantic.

KATHRYN

(*Giving evidence of being bored.*)

RAYMOND AND SIDNEY

(*Enter at gate.*)

RAYMOND

Ned's all right.

KATHRYN

Did they feed and water him?

RAYMOND

Yes, and he's perfectly quieted down.

FRANK

(*Enters from Club House. To Raymond*)

I'm sorry, Mr. Raymond, but I shall have to keep you waiting.

RAYMOND

What's the matter? We're famished.

FRANK

In the excitement, the cook burned the roast.

KATHRYN

Have you anything else?

FRANK

Oh, yes. He's going to broil a steak.

RAYMOND

All right. We'll have to wait.

*(Reflectively)*

Are you busy?

FRANK

Not till luncheon.

SIDNEY

*(Looks disgusted, turns away.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Bewildered and embarrassed.)*

RAYMOND

*(To relieve the situation)*

Sidney, suppose you take Lord Henry for a walk about the campus.

SIDNEY AND LORD HENRY

*(Exeunt at gate.)*

KATHRYN

*(X's to rustic seat, slightly reclines.)*

RAYMOND

*(X's to table, sits, indicates chair at table to Frank.)*

FRANK

*(Sits.)*

RAYMOND

*(Takes from pocket checkbook and fountain pen, writes out a check, lays it on table before Frank, with unction)*

There, young man!

FRANK

*(Pushes back slightly)*

What's that for?

RAYMOND

*(Proudly)*

For your brave act in rescuing my daughter.

FRANK

*(Quickly)*

That's very kind, sir. But I couldn't accept it.

KATHRYN

*(Rises to sitting posture, evinces undisguised interest.)*

RAYMOND

*(Slightly impatient)*

Why, you're a poor boy, aren't you?

FRANK

Yes, but not that poor.

RAYMOND

Come! I can well afford to give it.

*(Places check in Frank's hand.)*

FRANK

*(Rises, steps back)*

I can't accept money that I haven't earned.

RAYMOND

*(Has brilliant idea)*

Well, I'll give you a chance to earn it. Will you work for me a week after you graduate?

FRANK

*(Looks at check, lays it on table in front of Raymond)*

My week's work wouldn't be worth a thousand dollars.

RAYMOND

*(Seizes check, rises, impetuously tears check into bits)*

Well!

*(With great emotion)*

By—



*(With a struggle represses oath, alters mood, reflects)*

What are you going to do after you graduate?

FRANK

Try to get a professorship.

RAYMOND

What is your specialty?

FRANK

Sociology, in connection with law and political economy.

KATHRYN

*(Rises, evinces more interest, X's to Frank)*

Didn't I see you in the social settlement once, last winter?

FRANK

I've taught in the settlement off and on for three years.

KATHRYN

I thought I had seen you somewhere. That night you were making some demonstrations as to the high cost of living, as affected by the trusts and middlemen.

FRANK

Yes.

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

So you're ambitious to be a professor?

FRANK

Yes.

KATHRYN

*(X's to rustic seat, slightly reclines.)*

RAYMOND

Nonsense, young man! You have too much brains for a professor. You can make money. You have courage. That's what a lot of people lack. I'd like to give you a chance.

FRANK

Thank you.

RAYMOND

There's no chance as a professor. The best you ever get's a salary.

FRANK

But I think I'd like that work, and could do some good.

RAYMOND

Do good? To whom?

FRANK

Why, to the people.

RAYMOND

Damn the people! They're not looking after *you*. You look out for number *one*.

FRANK

Well, of course, I must do that, but—  
(*Hesitates.*)

RAYMOND

But what? Out with it!

FRANK

Well, while looking out for myself, I must be fair to others.

RAYMOND

(*Pompously*)

Oh, fair be hanged! Succeed! That's what counts. Succeed! Get money, and lots of it. You can, too. I think you could fill the position of managing editor on one of my papers. A big salary and percentage of the profits—and you might, after a while, become general manager of my whole chain of papers. How does that strike you?

FRANK

I couldn't fill the position, Mr. Raymond.

RAYMOND

Well, that's my business—if I think you can.

FRANK

It's my business, too—if I couldn't make good.

RAYMOND

But you *can* make good. Will you *try*?

FRANK

Who would say what is to be printed in the paper?

RAYMOND

You, of course.

(*Meditatively*)

Well, I'd expect you to print the news and write the editorials according to my way. I think you have sense enough to see that point.

FRANK

That's just why I can't do it. If I were in that position, there'd be only one way I could run the paper.

RAYMOND

How? Don't be afraid to speak out what you think!

FRANK

Print all the news and write editorials purely from the standpoint of fairness to the public. Now, you wouldn't want that, would you?

RAYMOND

(*Angrily*)

Young man, you have the—I won't say courage—you have the audacity of your convictions. And you'll never win on sentiment.

KATHRYN

(*Rises, X's to Raymond*)

Father, you urged Mr. Payton to tell you what he thought. Now don't be angry because he is candid.

RAYMOND

(*To Kathryn, gently*)

No, really, I ought not.

(*To Frank, firmly*)

But this is a practical age, and I want to pound some sense into you. Look at the poor devils that can't get ahead at all. You have an opportunity, if you'll be prac-

tical. I might give you a position in a bank, or in connection with some of my factories. Give me a chance to help you, by showing that you are practical.

KATHRYN

(*X's to rustic seat, sits, listens to Raymond and Frank.*)

FRANK

Mr. Raymond, I know what is meant by *practical*.

RAYMOND

Young man, I rather admire your nerve. Just tell me what *is* meant by practical.

FRANK

I have strong convictions. You will not be offended?

RAYMOND

I despise people who agree with me just to please and flatter. Sail in.

FRANK

Well, it is practical for one man to get so much that there isn't enough left for the others, and to use a newspaper, or chain of newspapers, to cultivate and warp public opinion—to help it along. I can take no part in it, whether I succeed or fail.

RAYMOND

As a professor, you'd have to teach according to the notions of sane and successful men. You couldn't go it unbridled. Don't be a fool.

FRANK

(*Stung to anger*)

I'm aware that many teachers in subsidized universities get their inspiration, as it were, from the breath of the king.

RAYMOND

They show good sense.

FRANK

By looking at sociological questions through the spectacles of their masters?

RAYMOND

Very wise, when their masters have proved successful.

FRANK

That's the very thing that has built up a priesthood of moneyed aristocracy. I think it's against public interest.

RAYMOND

Look at the army of accomplished young men, graduated from the universities each year, who follow such a course.

FRANK

And hire themselves out to help set up barriers against reform and sing lullabies to the conscience of rich men, that they may be reconciled to the poverty and want of others?

*(Earnestly)*

No! No! Toryism does not belong to this soil, neither does a hierarchy of rulers.

RAYMOND

I'm astonished. As a professor, you'd lecture against vested rights. You'd want everything divided up. Let me tell you if there were a division, the smart men would soon have it all again.

FRANK

What belongs to you, I would have held sacredly yours. But I would like to see opportunities evened up, so that no one person could acquire so much more than he needs at the expense of others.

RAYMOND

How would you do it?

FRANK

By restoring and maintaining competition.

RAYMOND

The socialists claim co-operation would be better.

FRANK

That's just why socialism cannot, and should not, succeed. Selfish co-operation puts the many innocent to

trustful sleep, while the wicked few go through their pockets. Competition is wholesome, because it keeps everybody awake.

RAYMOND

*(In mingled anger and admiration)*

You have let something embitter you against the rich.

FRANK

No, I assure you, that is not the case.

RAYMOND

*(Reflectively)*

I want to see you after you graduate.

*(Breaks)*

Who are your parents?

FRANK

My father was a school-teacher in Pennsylvania. My mother was the daughter of a judge.

RAYMOND

Are they living?

FRANK

*(Sadly)*

No, when I was four years old, they were both lost in the Johnstown flood.

*(Breaks, controlling himself)*

I was adopted by Mr. John McFall, a farmer.

RAYMOND

*(Sympathetically)*

Before you make any plans, will you be sure to see me?

FRANK

Yes, with pleasure.

LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Enter at gate, cross to rustic seat.)*

FRANK

*(To Raymond)*

I think the luncheon must be ready.

*(Exit to Club House.)*

SIDNEY

What's the matter, father? You're blushing like a bride.

RAYMOND

Young Payton upset me a little.

SIDNEY

*(Straightening up in indignation)*

What'd the gillie do?

RAYMOND

Oh, nothing. Just argued.

LORD HENRY

My word! A waiter talk back in this country?

KATHRYN

*(Rises)*

My lord, in working his way through college, Mr. Payton is doing what has been done by some of the brightest men.

LORD HENRY

But, as a poor boy, he should know his place.

KATHRYN

My lord, the poor boy's place in America is sometimes the White House.

RAYMOND

*(To Sidney)*

I offered to reward him with a check, and when he refused, I proposed to give him a position.

SIDNEY

What did you think of giving the guy?

RAYMOND

The position of managing editor, to fill that vacancy.

SIDNEY

Oh, father! Cut it out!

RAYMOND

But he refused that, also. Wants to be a professor.

SIDNEY

Professor! Huh! He'd try to reform the university, if not the universe.

RAYMOND

I've seen social leaders come and go. There are mighty few that can't be made to think with the palm of their hand, when the palm is crossed with gold.

SIDNEY

But he's an upstart.

RAYMOND

His enthusiasm will last just as long as he himself is in need. I can put before him the bait of success, and he'll be one of the strongest *defenders* of rich men and class distinction, because he knows both sides of life. And he's a fighter.

SIDNEY

I wouldn't take a chance. He isn't worth the trouble.

RAYMOND

I wouldn't be afraid to have him professor in this University, because I could show him opportunities on the side, and win him over.

LORD HENRY

I undertake that you'll have your hands full with the little boulder!

FRANK

*(Enters from Club House. To Raymond)*

The luncheon is served.

SIDNEY

*(Glowers at Frank, in a gruff tone)*

Waiter!

FRANK

*(Looks at Sidney, makes no reply)*

SIDNEY

Bring me a glass of water!



FRANK

*(Nods approvingly, exit to Club House.)*

SIDNEY

*(X's to table, pours out another glass of wine, drinks it. To Lord Henry)*

It doesn't take much to spoil a fool like him. I'm going to show him his place.

KATHRYN

*(Good-humoredly)*

Oh, Sidney, "Judge not, lest ye—" You know the rest.

SIDNEY

*(To Kathryn, angrily)*

Why do you want to make a hero out of a common farm-hand?

FRANK

*(Enters from Club House with glass of water and napkin, hands glass to Sidney.)*

SIDNEY

*(Takes glass.)*

KATHRYN

*(Noting Sidney's ugly mood, to relieve situation, to Raymond and Lord Henry, quickly)*

Let us go in to luncheon.

KATHRYN, RAYMOND AND LORD HENRY

*(Exit to Club House.)*

SIDNEY

*(X's and puts foot on seat, rests arm of hand holding glass on akimbo leg, slightly loses balance, lurches and spills water on shoe and bench, straightens up; to Frank, angrily)*

Waiter!

FRANK

*(Stands at attention.)*

SIDNEY

Clean this up!

*(Indicating bench.)*

FRANK

*(Wipes off bench with napkin.)*

SIDNEY

*(Sits, sticks out foot)*

Wipe off my shoe!

JOHN AND MARK

*(Enter at gate, stop at threshold, unobserved by Frank and Sidney; in pantomime.)*

FRANK

*(Straightens up, slightly hesitates, mentally debates with himself)*

That I decline to do!

SIDNEY

Do as I tell you! Wipe off my shoe!

FRANK

I refuse!

SIDNEY

*(Rises, imperiously)*

You do what I tell you. It's part of your work as servant! Do you think you're too good?

FRANK

I don't think myself above doing any work that is necessary. Necessary work is honorable, but you can't humiliate me to humor your drunken whim.

SIDNEY

*(Enraged, draws fist, rushes up close to Frank, with bravado)*

Will you obey me, or not?

FRANK

*(Folds arms in calm defiance, tosses head scornfully.)*

SIDNEY

*(Sizes up Frank, abandons purpose of striking, snaps his finger in his face, starts toward Club House entrance.)*

MARK

*(Shakes fist at Sidney.)*

JOHN

*(To Sidney, gloatingly)*

Why don't ye tackle 'im—By gum!—if ye think ye're the best man?

*(Lets out tantalizing guffaw.)*

FRANK

*(Lifts hand in protest towards John and Mark, follows Sidney with his eyes.)*

CURTAIN.

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ACT II.

SCENE—*Drawing-room in Raymond's home. Table at R. C. Large sofa at juncture of L. and L. C. Sofa up L., against wall. Walls covered with oil paintings. Rich portieres and draperies at doors and windows; also at up C. a pair of portieres, closed. Room well lighted with electricity. Door at up R., leading to library. Door at R. 2, leading to dining-room. Door at up L. C., leading to entrance hall. Door at L. 2, leading to private office. Five chairs at table. Push button for bell at side of door R. 2. Electric light switch at door up L. C. Reading-light on table. Ash-trays, cigars and cigarettes on table. Individual ash-tray and holder containing cigars and cigarettes at sofa, L. and L. C.*

TIME—*Nearly two years later. Friday evening.*

PLACE—*New York City.*

RAYMOND

*(Discovered at rise, in evening dress, almost decrepit, having apparently aged ten years in twenty-two months, examining portieres at up C.)*

KATHRYN

*(In simple evening gown, enters up L. C., X's to Raymond)*

Why, father, you have the portieres up.

RAYMOND

Yes, Kathryn, just finished.

*(Pulls cord, parting portieres and exposing a full-length, life-size portrait of Raymond's father, paneled in wall. Pulls other cord, closes portieres.)*

KATHRYN

They work all right.

RAYMOND

Yes—

*(With gesture and glance at other portieres)*  
and match well.

*(X's to table.)*

KATHRYN

*(X's to table, sits.)*

RAYMOND

*(X's to up C., parts portieres, X's to table)*

We must be careful to leave the portières open when others are around.

*(Sits)*

Otherwise they might think me irreverent toward my plain old father.

KATHRYN

Nobody we care about would think that.

RAYMOND

Of course you and Sidney know.

KATHRYN

Certainly.

RAYMOND

The older I grow the more frequently he appears to me.

*(Rises)*

By the way, that new dictagraph records the voice with remarkable fidelity.

*(X's to L. 2)*

I haven't shown you, have I?

KATHRYN

No, father. You just got it.

RAYMOND

Wait a minute.

*(Exit L. 2.)*

KATHRYN

*(Rises, X's to up C., closes portieres, then opens them again, studies portrait.)*

RAYMOND

*(Enters L. 2, carrying wax records, X's to table.)*

KATHRYN

*(X's to table.)*

RAYMOND

This invention by Turner would entitle him to the coron of honor.

*(Lays records on table, picks one up and examines it carefully.)*

KATHRYN

*(Picks up record and examines it)*

Now, you're not dependent on shorthand.

RAYMOND

No. Here is the voice itself.

KATHRYN

I must hear some of your records.

RAYMOND

I have planted a dictagraph here—

*(Pointing to sofa up L.)*

it will record all the conversation this evening—it is recording what I am saying now.

KATHRYN

*(X's to sofa up L., moves it out, looks behind it)*

Why are you doing that?

RAYMOND

(Sits)

I have a curiosity to reproduce the offhand, running conversation, which I hope will take a philosophic turn. We won't say anything about it until it's all over.

KATHRYN

That'll be amusing.

(Pushes sofa back, X's to table.)

RAYMOND

And instructive, too. It proves that when I talk in my sleep I intone the voice of the person who I dream is talking.

KATHRYN

Oh, I understand. In my wakeful meditations, I have caught myself carrying on a dialogue—in the respective voices.

RAYMOND

(Eagerly)

Really?

KATHRYN

(With evident design to please Raymond and justify his whims)

Yes. I think nearly everybody does. When I was in boarding-school, there was one teacher, Miss Phipps, who thought she must discipline me about everything, and one evening when I had my hair dressed a little oddly, after the maid went out, I looked in the mirror—

(X's to R. 1, looks at wall, as if it were a mirror, appears to be adjusting her hair, laughs)

and blurted out in the very voice Miss Phipps would use, "Miss Raymond, a simpler hair-dress would be more becoming,"—

(Faces Raymond)

and then I answered in my own natural voice, "Miss Phipps, our party this evening is almost a state occasion."

(Laughs heartily, X's to table)

Now, they'd call that remarkable.

(Sits.)

RAYMOND

*(Putting hand gently on Kathryn's hand on table)*

You could always understand me.

KATHRYN

*(Consolingly)*

Yes, if while fully awake, I should talk that way, I can understand how you might repeat, in his voice, what you dream grandfather is saying to you.

RAYMOND

*(Meditating)*

It is remarkable how his spirit taunts me with every misdeed of my life. I wonder what it all means.

KATHRYN

*(Laughs)*

I could never qualify as an interpreter of dreams to the king. I'd surely get my head chopped off.

RAYMOND

There must be some relation between waking deeds and sleeping fancies.

KATHRYN

Perhaps.

*(Breaks)*

You have a book on the subject, by Dr. Freude, a noted German neurologist.

RAYMOND

I don't remember the book.

KATHRYN

The author maintains that there is an intimate connection between dreams and waking life.

RAYMOND

Father rebukes me.

KATHRYN

But you have done nothing wrong—not intentionally.

RAYMOND

I have done things he would not approve—especially when I have brought hardship on the poor.

KATHRYN

But you're not to blame for that. It's the system.

RAYMOND

Yes, you have made me understand. You and Professor Payton.

*(Meditatively gazing at his father's portrait)*

What a grand man father was! A nobleman in his time.

*(Laughs)*

And they thought him rich, with only fifty thousand dollars to his name!

*(Meditates)*

I'm sorry Professor Payton is not to be here this evening. I enjoy his discussions—though he sometimes antagonizes me almost to the breaking point.

KATHRYN

I might have induced him to stay; but it would seem a pity, because he likes his week-end visits among the poor.

RAYMOND

*(Looks at his watch)*

Did Sidney go for Mabel?

KATHRYN

No; he sent his car.

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C., X's to Kathryn with card tray.)*

KATHRYN

*(Takes letter from tray, opens letter, reads; to Charles)*

No answer now.

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*



KATHRYN

*(Sighs)*

Oh, it's such a nuisance to have so many boys wanting to call!

RAYMOND

*(Cheerfully)*

I can't blame them.

KATHRYN

*(Looking at letter)*

From young Vanderhop. A nice boy, but not interesting to me. He only talks about yachts, motor cars, polo games—and other things sporty. He doesn't know there are poor people in the world.

RAYMOND

What does he want?

*(Pointing to letter)*

Another proposal?

KATHRYN

*(Smiles)*

Wants to call tomorrow evening. I'll send him a note after a while, and tell him I have an engagement. I have, with you.

RAYMOND

You know, Kathryn, my heart is set on your finally marrying Lord Henry—Sidney's, too.

KATHRYN

*(Flinches)*

Yes, I know, father.

RAYMOND

You don't seem overjoyed that you are to see him again tonight. Two years since you saw him.

KATHRYN

Nearly—

*(Breaks, complacently)*

Yes, I shall be glad to see Lord Henry again.

RAYMOND

*(Rises, doubtfully, sharply)*

You haven't encouraged anybody else?

KATHRYN

*(Lightly)*

Why, no, father. If it will make you happy, let me tell you, I shall never become engaged without your knowledge and consent.

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

Miss Foss!

MABEL

*(In flashy evening gown, enters up L. C. THROUGH-OUT ACTS II AND III, TALKS IN A STILTED TONE, MOVES ABOUT IN IMPORTANT MANNER, AND ASSUMES AFFECTED POSES—GIVING LUDICROUS IMPRESSION OF HIGH-AND-MIGHTY SELF-OPINION.)*

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

*(Rises, X's rapidly to Mabel, embraces and kisses her)*  
Mabel, I'm so glad to see you!

MABEL

Dear Kathryn!

*(Smiles, X's to R. C., shakes hands with Raymond)*  
You're looking well, Mr. Raymond.

RAYMOND

Thank you.

KATHRYN

*(X's to R. C.)*

Father and I were having a good old-time visit.

RAYMOND

If you girls will excuse me, I'm going to the library.

MABEL

Certainly!

RAYMOND

(*X's to up R., hesitates, turns; to Kathryn*)

Where is that book on dreams?

KATHRYN

(*Reflecting, slowly*)

Shelf 4, section R.

RAYMOND

(*Exit up R.*)

KATHRYN

(*Indicating chair, to Mabel*)

You had a splendid trip abroad?

MABEL

(*Sits*)

Yes. I enjoyed it ever so much. Will there be many people here tonight?

KATHRYN

(*Sits*)

Just a simple at-home dinner.

MABEL

(*Mildly astonished*)

What! With Lord Henry invited!

KATHRYN

Not much is expected of me.

MABEL

(*Using lorgnette, in half mockery*)

Oh, no! Lord Henry doesn't expect much of you! Just expects *Kathryn*!

KATHRYN

(*Indifferently*)

I haven't given him any such expectations.

MABEL

Well, of course I'm only surmising—from what Sidney has told me.

KATHRYN

Oh, I'm nice to him because it's my father's wish—  
(*Hesitating*)

and that big brother of mine seems crazy to have a title in the family.

MABEL

(*Conciliatory tone*)

Well, you're not the girl to oppose your father—  
(*Proudly*)

and that big brother of yours *generally* gets what he *wants*.

KATHRYN

(*Quiet tone, half teasing manner, mockery*)

Have you set the day when he's to get what *he* seems to want *most*?

(*Laughing, good-naturedly*)

I mean *you*.

MABEL

(*Caught off her guard*)

Sidney thinks of waiting till his father—  
(*Breaks, confused.*)

KATHRYN

(*Quickly, curiously*)

Till *what*?

MABEL

(*Flustrated, confused*)

Till, oh, till a certain event.

SIDNEY

(*In evening dress, slightly intoxicated, smoking cigarette, enters up L. C., X's to sofa L. and L. C.*)

KATHRYN AND MABEL

(*Rise.*)

SIDNEY

Hello, Mabel!

(*Kisses Mabel's hand, touches Kathryn's cheek with his hand.*)

KATHRYN

I'll join father. He is getting old, and I like to comfort him all I can.

MABEL

He looks worn.

SIDNEY

*(To Kathryn)*

You and Professor Payton will drive him crazy if you don't stop nagging him about the poor.

KATHRYN

Why, Sidney, he's interested in sociology, and wants Professor Payton's ideas.

SIDNEY

He needn't always be trying to convert father to his crazy way of thinking—and criticising rich people right to his face.

KATHRYN

You know how father hates flatterers. He enjoys the company of men who hold independent views—the more so if they differ from him. He calls such persons the whetstones of his mind.

SIDNEY

It'll worry him to death.

KATHRYN

*(Laughs)*

What philosophy! Why, that's the very thing to keep him young.

*(To relieve tension, to Mabel)*

You've noticed the portières?

*(Indicating full-length portrait.)*

MABEL

Yes. I was wondering.

KATHRYN

Father is troubled a great deal in his dreams lately, and when he suddenly sees grandfather's portrait, after dreaming about him, he is frightened.

*(X's to up C., pulls cord, closing portieres, pulls other cord, opening them)*

So he covers up the portrait while here alone.  
Grandfather—

*(Indicating portrait)*

died of heart failure by being frightened.

MABEL

Oh! How terrible! How did it happen?

KATHRYN

He was sleeping on the veranda, when a tramp came up to beg, and called out roughly to wake him.

MABEL

And that caused his death?

KATHRYN

The shock produced heart failure immediately.

*(Breaks, X's to Sidney)*

Sidney, father is failing very fast, and we must be careful of him.

SIDNEY

Certainly! How do you mean?

KATHRYN

While he's asleep, be careful not to speak sharply. The least fright might prove fatal.

*(To Mabel)*

You know, father has trouble with his heart, just as grandfather had.

SIDNEY

*(Starts, averts face from Kathryn and Mabel, puts hand on chin, rolls eyes, indicating that he has a sudden inspiration.)*

KATHRYN

You'll excuse me?

*(Goes up R.)*

MABEL

Certainly!

KATHRYN

*(Exit.)*

SIDNEY

*(Puts arm around Mabel's waist.)*

MABEL

*(Enthusiastically)*

I'm so glad you came just now.

*(Disengaging herself, poutingly)*

Sidney! You've been drinking!

*(Breaks.)*

SIDNEY

*(Smiles, indicates seat on sofa.)*

MABEL

*(Brightly)*

We can only be alone a few minutes.

*(Sits.)*

SIDNEY

*(Sits.)*

MABEL

What do you suppose Kathryn just asked me?

SIDNEY

I don't know.

*(Curiously)*

What?

MABEL

*(Gushing)*

When we're to be married?

SIDNEY

What'd you say?

MABEL

*(Hesitating, embarrassed)*

That you wanted to wait till—well—till—a certain event.

SIDNEY

*(Steelily)*

I'm sorry you said that.

MABEL

*(On defensive)*

Why, dear?

SIDNEY

*(Biting lips)*

Because she might suspect. The Governor hasn't been awfully cordial with me of late.

*(Rises, resignedly)*

Well—

*(X's to table.)*

MABEL

*(Rises, X's to Sidney, conciliatory)*

Your father's old—seventy-one.

SIDNEY

*(More pleasantly)*

Yes.

*(Cheerful tone)*

And he seems deucedly worried.

MABEL

*(Putting her hand affectionately on Sidney's arm)*

Do you think Kathryn suspected that the "certain event" was your father's death?

SIDNEY

*(Coldly)*

Kathryn's clever.

*(Breaks, cheerfully)*

But she could only guess.

MABEL

*(Sadly)*

Must you come into the fortune before we're married?



SIDNEY

*(Firmly)*

Yes. I want nothing to stand in the way of my ambition.

*(Proudly grandiloquent)*

I want to be the *first* billionaire.

*(Hesitates, braggadocio)*

With control of father's fortune of two hundred million dollars to start with, I can accomplish it.

*(Sits by table and brings fist down hard to emphasize determination.)*

MABEL

*(Drops on knees at Sidney's feet, in adoration)*

What a marvelous boy you are! Just too grand for anything!

*(Breaks, rises, strokes Sidney's forehead with her hand)*

I'm afraid you won't have much time for society—

*(Appealingly)*

and you know my weakness.

*(Sits, lays hands on table, leaning toward Sidney.)*

SIDNEY

*(Puts his hand over hers in encouragement)*

Plenty of time for the kind I care about.

*(Breaks, rises, haughtily)*

We'll have our own set.

*(Disdainfully)*

Ordinary people bore me.

MABEL

*(With weary yawn)*

Kathryn seems tied up in such people as Professor Payton. Has he any money?

*(Rises.)*

SIDNEY

*(Scornfully)*

You might as well say none.

*(Half smiling)*

Thank heaven, he won't be here tonight.

*(Discourteously)*

He's out roughing it among the poor—as he calls it. I despise such rabble.

MABEL

Isn't it trying to have to mix up with the common herd?

SIDNEY

*(Reproachfully)*

I should say so. In our opera-box last night, only two out of the six men were worth over ten million dollars each.

*(Contemptuously)*

I was really humiliated to be seen in their company.

MABEL

*(Rapturously)*

Sidney, you should be a king! Your every instinct is royal!

SIDNEY

*(Self-satisfied)*

When I become master, there'll be a lot of common trash swept out.

MABEL

*(Meddlesomely)*

Isn't Professor Payton in love with Kathryn?

SIDNEY

*(Disdainfully, as if in authority)*

Certainly. But Lord Henry's *our* choice for Kathryn; and Lord Henry it shall be.

MABEL

*(Happily)*

Lord Henry's the right sort. I'm just dying to meet him.

SIDNEY

*(X's to sofa L.)*

MABEL

*(X's to Sidney, while X'ing)*

Sidney, what's troubling you? You've been bothered lately?

SIDNEY

*(Hesitates)*

When Frank Payton graduated—the same time I did—he had the social reform “bug,” and father got him a Professorship in the University, thinking he'd win him over. Instead, Payton has completely turned father's head.

MABEL

Why should that worry you?

SIDNEY

The entire fortune may be thrown away on some fool reform scheme, instead of being left in my control.

MABEL

Nonsense!

SIDNEY

An old man, in his dotage, is apt to do anything!

MABEL

That's true.

SIDNEY

His will is all right now—

*(Firmly)*

but, unless something happens to him soon, he'll—

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

Lord Henry!

LORD HENRY

*(In evening dress, enters up L. C.)*

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(X's to Lord Henry, cordially shakes hands with him)*

Lord Henry, allow me to present Miss Foss. Mabel,  
Lord Henry.

LORD HENRY

*(X's to Mabel)*

Charmed, I'm sure!

MABEL

It's a pleasure to meet you, my lord!

RAYMOND AND KATHRYN

*(Enter up R.)*

KATHRYN

*(X's and cordially shakes hands with Lord Henry)*

Glad to see you again, Lord Henry!

LORD HENRY

Such a pleasure!

*(Noticing Raymond, to Kathryn)*

And your father—

*(Breaks, X's to Raymond, shakes hands)*

My dear Mr. Raymond!

RAYMOND

Glad to see you.

*(X's to table, indicates chairs.)*

SIDNEY

*(X's to sofa L. and L. C.)*

SIDNEY AND MABEL

*(Sit.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

Professor Payton!

FRANK

*(In rough outing suit, enters up L. C.)*

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

(*X's to up L. C.*)

Why, Professor, I thought you were on a week-end visit?

FRANK

I couldn't go—the labor men want me to intercede with your father.

(*X's to Raymond*)

How are you, Mr. Raymond?

RAYMOND

Quite well.

(*Breaks*)

Oh, you remember Lord Henry? Lord Henry, Professor Payton.

(*Sits.*)

LORD HENRY

(*Bows stiffly.*)

FRANK

(*To Lord Henry, cordially*)

'Pleased to see you again.

LORD HENRY AND FRANK

(*Eye each other significantly.*)

LORD HENRY

(*Sits.*)

KATHRYN

(*X's to table, sits.*)

FRANK

(*Bows to Sidney and Mabel, sits.*)

RAYMOND

(*To Frank*)

What do the labor men want?

FRANK

Mr. Raymond, since the strike so many of the men have been out of work, and the wages of others so cut down, that they can't make a living.

SIDNEY

*(Annoyed)*

Oh, hang the fool laborers!

LORD HENRY

*(Adjusting monocle to eye. To Sidney)*

I say, though, dear old chap! In London, we're accustomed to that sort of thing, rather, and we don't let it upset us.

RAYMOND

*(Showing slight impatience)*

What have I to do with laborers? Sidney's in charge.

SIDNEY

*(Rises, X's to table, strutting, pointing finger at Frank)*

Father doesn't wish to be annoyed with business. We'd be obliged to you if you wouldn't talk shop.

KATHRYN

*(Conciliatory, to Raymond)*

I know conditions are terrible, and I wish you *would* give them some personal attention.

MABEL

Kathryn, dear, what a lot of bother you have with the poor!

FRANK

They want you to hear a grievance committee.

RAYMOND

*(Doubtfully)*

That would be going over Sidney's head.

SIDNEY

*(To Frank, with determination)*

Father isn't going to do anything of the kind. I run the business.

*(X's to sofa L. and L. C., sits.)*

RAYMOND

*(With slightly angered pride)*

Sidney! Don't boast.

*(Breaks, turns to Frank)*

Professor, why do they ask my personal attention?

FRANK

*(With firm enthusiasm)*

The leaders have appealed, again and again, to Sidney. It did no good. They now urge you to hear them. Unless they're listened to, they can't prevent the men from doing something rash.

*(Sympathetically)*

I respect your privacy and your retirement, but—

*(Fervently)*

Mr. Raymond, the time has come when you ought to act—

*(Breaks, more firmly)*

when you must throw the weight of your influence either on Sidney's side or on the side of labor.

KATHRYN

*(With supplicating enthusiasm)*

Father, see them; talk with them; it can do no harm.

SIDNEY

*(In nasty mood)*

It will do no good. If I can't run the business, I'll step out.

RAYMOND

*(Resenting Sidney's presumption)*

Take care! Don't speak as if you were the proprietor! Some day you may be; but you're not, now.

*(To Lord Henry, patting Kathryn gently on the hand)*

Kathryn sympathizes with the poor.

LORD HENRY

That's jolly, when one can afford it.

KATHRYN

(*Hands clasped, elbows resting on table, leaning over in earnest pose*)

No one can do social settlement work, as I've done, and be devoid of sympathy for the poor. There should be a better distribution of opportunity.

SIDNEY

(*Impatient sneer*)

Kathryn, you have no more sympathy for the poor than I have—

(*Self-praising*)

but I want them to stay where they belong.

FRANK

(*To Sidney, seriously*)

Misery can't be visualized; it must be felt or seen to call out sympathy.

SIDNEY

(*Aristocratic air*)

We should keep away from such sights, and then they wouldn't annoy us.

KATHRYN

(*Rises, X's to Sidney, showing blind devotion*)

I know, dear brother, just how you look at it.

SIDNEY

(*Seriously advising*)

Quit meddling with the poor, and attend to your own happiness.

KATHRYN

If you want me to be happy, let me *be* what I *am*; and not *seem* what I *am not*.

(*X's to table, sits.*)

SIDNEY

(*Impatiently*)

You can't be happy out of your set—neither can they out of theirs. Everybody knows that. Ask Lord Henry.

(*Rises, X's to L. C., thumbs in vest arm-holes, X's to sofa L., sits.*)



LORD HENRY

*(To Kathryn)*

Quite so. You should have, in this country, a titled class, then the fence would be higher between the aristocrats and the proletariat, as it should be.

MABEL

*(To Lord Henry)*

I just adore aristocracy.

KATHRYN

*(To Lord Henry)*

In this country, the high fence has little terror for people with a just grievance.

RAYMOND

*(Good-naturedly, to Sidney)*

Kathryn's favorite subject—look to your laurels.

SIDNEY

*(Angrily)*

That's all I hear, and all I read about, these days, the relation of the rich and the poor. Bah!

CHARLES

*(Enters R. 2, carrying tray of cocktails, hesitates, X's to sofa L., serves cocktail to Mabel.)*

MABEL

*(Takes glass.)*

CHARLES

*(X's to table, tenders cocktail tray to Kathryn.)*

KATHRYN

*(Shakes head in refusal.)*

CHARLES

*(Serves cocktails to Lord Henry, Frank, Mr. Raymond and Sidney.)*

KATHRYN

*(To others, tantalizing)*

I'll propose the toast. Here's to an equal chance for all!

ALL

(*Except Kathryn, drink.*)

CHARLES

(*Gathers glasses, exit R. 2.*)

RAYMOND

Professor, where *is* your labor committee?

FRANK

Waiting my report at Union Headquarters.

RAYMOND

Very well; I'll see them here—after dinner.

FRANK

(*Rises*)

I'll let them know.

KATHRYN

(*Rises, to Frank*)

You stay to dinner. Send them a message.

FRANK

No, Miss Raymond, if you'll excuse me, I prefer to deliver such good news in person.

SIDNEY

(*Rises, X's to table, in commanding voice*)

Father! Please reconsider this rashness! I'm disgusted!

RAYMOND

(*Rises, in measured, concluding tone*)

And I am determined.

MABEL

(*Embarrassed at Sidney's discomfiture, rises. To Kathryn*)

Kathryn, dear, if you'll excuse me, I'll go to your room.

KATHRYN

(*Nods approvingly.*)

MABEL

(*Exit up L. C.*)

RAYMOND

I had hoped our conversation would drift this way.  
That's why I had it recorded.

FRANK

How recorded?

RAYMOND

*(Deliberately watching all for effect)*  
I placed a dictagraph in this room.

ALL

*(Except Kathryn, evince surprise.)*

SIDNEY

Father, why did you do a thing like that?

RAYMOND

*(To Sidney)*

Because I hoped we might drift into sociology, and I'm  
becoming a student.

*(To Frank, quietly)*

I now propose to study both sides of life.

KATHRYN

*(Puts arm around Raymond's neck; enthusiastically)*

That's what I love to have you do.

*(Kisses Raymond.)*

FRANK

*(To Raymond)*

You'll be happier, because you'll make others happy.

SIDNEY

*(To Kathryn, with hatred)*

These reformers would cheat us out of our birthright.

KATHRYN

*(X's to Sidney, puts her hand on his arm)*

Sidney! Would you reproach your father?

SIDNEY

*(Jerks arm away, sits and sulks.)*

RAYMOND

*(Ignoring Sidney, to Frank, calmly)*

I have dictagraph records made of my dreams, as I talk in my sleep.

*(To all)*

I wish to invite all of you to listen to some of these records—tomorrow night, if it suits you.

KATHRYN

*(X's to table, putting arm on Raymond's shoulder; enthusiastically)*

Splendid!

RAYMOND

I shall have portions of this evening's record reproduced on the roneophone for a part of the entertainment.

FRANK

*(Good-naturedly)*

Fine!

LORD HENRY

*(Agreeably)*

Splendid idea, don't you know!

SIDNEY

*(Flustered, rises, X's to Raymond; protestingly)*

Father, I object.

*(Deceitfully)*

I, for one, don't care to go into vaudeville.

KATHRYN

*(Ingenuously)*

Sidney, you're too modest.

*(Persuasively)*

It'll be great fun to hear what we've said.

RAYMOND

*(Innocently)*

Nobody seems to object, but Sidney—

*(Breaks, assuredly)*

and he'll be a good fellow.

SIDNEY

(*Showing great confusion, exit L. 2.*)

RAYMOND

(*To Lord Henry*)

Come into the library, and I'll show you how I keep my records.

RAYMOND AND LORD HENRY

(*Exeunt up R.*)

FRANK

(*Anxiously*)

Miss Raymond, I hope my remarks haven't offended.

KATHRYN

(*Gently*)

Not at all, Professor. I quite agree with you.

(*Earnestly*)

If any of my family, or friends, have opinions that can be scorched by truth—

(*Breaks, jokingly*)

I'm for the conflagration.

(*Sits.*)

FRANK

(*Sits, admiringly*)

What a wonderful woman you are! My heart just—

KATHRYN

(*Seriously*)

Your heart's in the right place with reference to your fellow-man.

FRANK

(*Reflecting*)

People think I'm happy, but I'm not.

KATHRYN

(*Curiously*)

You would be but for the misery you see around you.

FRANK

*(In melancholy)*  
I'd still be forlorn.

KATHRYN

*(Painfully surprised)*  
Why forlorn, Professor? I'm so sorry.

FRANK

*(Absentmindedly)*  
I'd be happy when you are with me—  
*(Breaks, slowly)*  
only I realize how soon that must end.

KATHRYN

*(Ingenuously, cheerfully)*  
I could never do my best work without you, Professor.

FRANK

*(As if in query)*  
But you'll not always be the only one to consider.

KATHRYN

*(Reassuringly, conciliatory)*  
You are the only one who can stop me from working on with you until our dreams of reform come true.

FRANK

*(Abstractedly)*  
But I can't work so well in the shadow.

KATHRYN

*(Sympathetically)*  
Why do you say shadow?—what shadow?

FRANK

*(With far-away look, sadly)*  
The shadow of Lord Henry. It appears that either Lord Henry or I must form the eclipse. Fate seems to ordain that his lordship shall do it.

*(More cheerily)*  
Miss Raymond, you are the brightest and cleverest woman I ever knew—but—

RAYMOND

*(Enters up R., X's to table.)*

FRANK AND KATHRYN

*(Rise.)*

FRANK

*(Slightly confused, to Raymond)*

I'll be back with the committee after dinner.

*(Bows to Kathryn, exit up L. C.)*

RAYMOND

*(Sits.)*

KATHRYN

*(Puts arm around Raymond's neck)*

I'm so glad you're going to see the committee.

RAYMOND

That's one reason I'm doing it!

KATHRYN

*(Disengaging herself, meditating)*

Father, what is the matter with Sidney?

RAYMOND

I'm afraid too much pampering has spoiled him.

KATHRYN

He's not getting enough sleep.

RAYMOND

*(Patting Kathryn on hand)*

If Sidney had your ways, he'd be a wonderful success. He has a great chance.

*(Breaks, meditating)*

You have your grandfather's—

*(Indicating picture)*

disposition—that's atavism, isn't it—where character leaps over?

KATHRYN

Yes. And I'm proud of that.

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C., to Kathryn)*

There's a little girl to see you.

KATHRYN

*(Quickly)*

Find out what she wants.

CHARLES

I tried; but she's crying, and all she can say is something about her brother—and she must see you.

KATHRYN

Very well, Charles.

*(Exit up L. C.)*

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(Enters L. 2, X's L. and L. C.; indifferently)*

Where's Kathryn?

RAYMOND

Just this minute stepped out.

KATHRYN

*(In automobile costume, enters, X's to Raymond, kisses him, excitedly)*

Father, I must make a call. Don't wait dinner. I'll be back as soon as I can.

RAYMOND

*(Rises, sympathetically)*

What is it?

KATHRYN

A little boy is dying—that's his sister.

RAYMOND

What boy?

KATHRYN

One of my favorites, little Tony. His father worked for you—er—for Sidney, until he was laid off. They were



almost starving when Tony took sick. I happened to find them, and got them some food, and a doctor, but I fear it was too late for Tony.

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

Miss Raymond, your car!

KATHRYN

Yes, Charles. Telephone Dr. Wood that I will stop for him in just a few minutes. Hurry, Charles!

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

*(X's toward up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(Sharply)*

Kathryn, aren't you ever going to grow up?

KATHRYN

What do you mean?

SIDNEY

All this sentimental business about a Dago! There are too many of them, anyhow. Why don't you let the wop die?

KATHRYN

*(Angrily)*

Sidney, would I let you die?

SIDNEY

Ha! Ha! That's different, I hope.

KATHRYN

Why should it be different? You are both human beings.

*(Exit up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(Sulks, exit L. 2.)*

RAYMOND

(*X's to portrait, looks at it a few moments, X's slowly to table, sits.*)

CHARLES

(*In Raymond's private office off L. 2. Excited voice*)

I can't! It wouldn't be right!

SIDNEY

(*In Raymond's private office*)

I say you will!

(*Noise of struggle is heard in Raymond's private office off L. 2.*)

CHARLES AND SIDNEY

(*Enter L. 2.*)

CHARLES

(*Hair disheveled, blood-stains on face, coat half off, held back by Sidney clinging to coat, holding paper in one hand, trying to keep it from Sidney, holding something under coat with other hand, calling out hysterically*)

Mr. Raymond! Oh! Mr. Raymond!

SIDNEY

(*In shirt-sleeves, hair disheveled, resembling a maniac, wrests paper from Charles.*)

RAYMOND

(*Rises, X's to L. 2; excitedly*)

What on earth? *Why, Charles! Charles!*

SIDNEY

(*Releases his hold on Charles, straightens up in maniacal defiance, excitedly tears up paper; angrily*)

Father, I want these records destroyed.

(*Deceitfully, rapidly*)

I don't want to hear all this stuff rehashed.

(*Scatters bits of paper; rashly*)

I ought to have some rights.

(*Breaks, hysterically*)

You think more of outsiders than you do of your own son.

CHARLES

*(Takes wax records from under coat, hands them to Raymond; breathlessly)*

The originals!

RAYMOND

*(Takes wax records; to Sidney, contemptuously)*

You're not quite up-to-date on dictagraphs.

*(Holds up and examines wax records carefully, as if to see that they are not damaged)*

Here is the record with the voice reproduced.

*(With contemptuous, pitying pose, measured, firm tone)*

I'll learn why you wished it destroyed.

CURTAIN.

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ACT III.

SCENE—*Same as Act II—Lamp House, Balcony C.*

TIME—*Two hours later.*

PLACE—*Same.*

RAYMOND, FRANK, JOHN, MARK AND ADAM  
*(Discovered at rise, seated at table.)*

KATHRYN AND LORD HENRY  
*(Seated on sofa L. and L. C.)*

MABEL  
*(Seated on sofa up L., reading a book, appearing indifferent to conference.)*

JOHN

*(In Sunday clothes)*

That—By gum!—is the reason they put me on the committee, to show you that us farmers don't git the big prices what the city folks have to pay.

RAYMOND

Yes, Mr. McFall, I understand; and Mr. Harding has undertaken to show that the prices of necessities are beyond the reach of the laboring classes.

*(To Adam)*

What has Mr. Stern to say?

FRANK

*(To Raymond)*

Mr. Stern was put on the committee because he represents a large class of enforced idlers.

RAYMOND

Well, Mr. Stern?

ADAM

*(In ragged clothes, embarrassed, hesitating)*

I didn't want to come here—

*(Breaks)*

because it's no use.

RAYMOND

*(Kindly)*

But you have a grievance?

ADAM

*(With greater ease and assurance)*

We hain't got much to hope fer.

RAYMOND

*(Kindly tone)*

How do you manage to live?

ADAM

*(Embarrassed, looks about)*

We couldn't hardly call it livin.'

FRANK

*(Persistently)*

But you *are* living.

*(Hesitates)*

For instance, you're not hungry now.

ADAM

*(Hangs head, embarrassed)*

I never tell nobody when I'm hungry.

FRANK

*(Pressing examination)*

How'd you get your food today?

ADAM

*(Resentfully, as if feeling accused)*

I didn't steal.

*(Breaks, rapidly)*

And I didn't beg, either.

RAYMOND

*(To Adam, sympathetic tone, firmly)*

Come, my man, Professor Payton's friendly, and doesn't mean to embarrass you. Answer his question.

ADAM

*(Forcing words, slowly)*

All I had today, I—I—

*(Drooping head, ashamed)*

got in the bread-line.

*(Rising, not lifting eyes)*

But I don't feel very well—

*(Pauses)*

and I reckon I'll be goin'.

*(Turns around, X's toward door up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

*(Rises, quickly X's to Adam, puts hand gently on his arm, sympathetically)*

What's the matter, Mr. Stern?

*(Hesitates)*

Tell me if you're hungry.

ADAM

*(Turning around, facing table, looking up slightly at Kathryn)*

I'm no beggar, ma'am.  
(*Proudly, with effort*)  
I'd rather starve than beg.  
(*Breaks. Defiantly looks up*)  
And I won't steal.

KATHRYN

But you're our guest—  
(*Persuasively*)  
if you'll let me serve you something to eat, that will not  
be begging. You will let me? To please me, Mr. Stern?

ADAM

(*Shyly*)  
Yes, ma'am—  
(*Hesitates*)  
if you put it that way, and—  
(*Hesitates*)  
you won't say it's beggin'.

KATHRYN

(*X's to R. 2, rings, X's to Adam, reassuringly*)  
Of course it's not begging. Please sit down.  
(*Leads him to table.*)

ADAM

(*Sits.*)

KATHRYN

I'll have something brought right in here, so you can  
hear what's said.

CHARLES

(*Enters R. 2 with court plasters on his face, covering slight  
wounds inflicted by Sidney.*)

KATHRYN

(*To Charles*)  
Charles, fetch some coffee and roast beef and other  
things for Mr. Stern.

CHARLES

Yes, ma'am.  
(Exit R. 2.)

KATHRYN

(Sits)

Now, father, let's not bother Mr. Stern with questions until he gets something to eat.

RAYMOND

Very well, daughter.

KATHRYN

(With emotion)

Father, it would make you sad if you knew how many thousands of people are in distress like this. I wish you could realize, without having to go through it, what the bread-line means—how men—honest, strong men, willing to work—and women, too—are compelled to humble themselves in that way.

CHARLES

(Enters R. 2, in one hand a tray of dishes containing food; in the other hand a small table.)

KATHRYN

(Rises; X's to C. While X'ing, to Charles)

Set it right here.  
(Indicates place.)

CHARLES

(Sets small table at C. and places tray upon it.)

KATHRYN

That's all, Charles.

CHARLES

(Exit R. 2.)

KATHRYN

(To Adam)

Now, Mr. Stern, help yourself.  
(X's to table and sits.)

ADAM

*(Takes chair over to small table and sits, looks about, embarrassed, but seeing that nobody is gazing, eats rapidly, vainly attempts to conceal his voracity.)*

SIDNEY

*(Enters up L. C., decidedly intoxicated, having on auto top-coat, takes handkerchief from top-coat pocket, mops brow, and in doing so drops mask to floor behind him, so that it is hidden from the view of all except Mabel. Looks about, then gazes insolently, first at John, then at Mark and Adam. THROUGHOUT THIS ACT SMOKES CIGARETTES CONTINUOUSLY.)*

MABEL

*(Looks away from book just in time to see mask fall to floor; nervously looks up, rises quickly, and stealthily picks up mask and hides it in her clothing. Sits and again reads.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(Removes top-coat, hands it to Charles.)*

CHARLES

*(Exit.)*

KATHRYN

*(Rises)*

Why, Sidney, where have you been? The committee are just about through, and I hoped you would hear them.

SIDNEY

*(With bleared gaze at Kathryn)*

I get enough of labor and its tales of woe at the office.

*(Breaks contemptuously)*

I thought you went to see one of your Dago friends.

*(Sits.)*

KATHRYN

*(Crushed, sits, sadly)*

Poor little Tony died in my arms.

*(Buries face in hands.)*



RAYMOND

*(Puts hand gently on Kathryn's head)*

There, daughter. It couldn't be helped.

*(Breaks, with evident purpose of diverting Kathryn's mind)*

Let us hear some more of Mr. Harding's arguments.

KATHRYN

*(Lifts head, recovers composure)*

Yes, father—go on, Mr. Harding.

MARK

*(In Sunday clothes, looks at Sidney and cowers before his insolent gaze, timidly)*

I tell you, Mr. Raymond, since the strike and the cut in wages, the men at work are not earning enough to keep their families—and the idle who need help.

SIDNEY

*(Rises, angrily)*

That's a lie, and he knows it.

RAYMOND

*(Lifting hand to Sidney, suggesting quiet, firmly)*

Just a moment, Sidney!

*(To Mark, kindly)*

Go on, Mr. Harding.

SIDNEY

*(Disgusted look and gesture, as if to wave the committee aside, sits by Mabel, lights cigarette.)*

MABEL

*(Smiles, embarrassed.)*

MARK

*(Embarrassed and angered, gives Sidney hard look; turns to Raymond, leans forward)*

No, sir, that's the truth, and I can prove it.

*(Hesitating)*

I don't know just how to tell you.

*(Pauses, lets his eyes wander about the room, and then quickly looks straight at Raymond, sharply and rapidly)*

But among the workmen there's great distress, and great anger, too.

LORD HENRY

*(Lights cigarette, rises, gazes at Mark through monocle, dismisses purpose, sits.)*

SIDNEY

*(Heroically)*

This fellow knows that we're paying more wages than we did five years ago.

*(Turns to Mabel and seems to say something.)*

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

How about that, Professor?

FRANK

*(Rapidly)*

That's undoubtedly true, but it doesn't solve the problem, because of the high cost of living, as compared with a few years ago. Government statistics show that the wages paid today will not buy as much of life's necessities as the wages five or ten years ago.

RAYMOND

*(Doubtfully)*

Have we the statistics in the library?

FRANK

Yes. Shall we examine them?

RAYMOND

Suppose we do. I am interested.

*(Rises, X's to up R.)*

Will the Committee join us?

KATHRYN

Mr. Stern and I will stay while he finishes his dinner.

FRANK

*(Rises)*

Will Mr. McFall and Mr. Harding come along?

JOHN AND MARK

*(Rise)*

RAYMOND 1, JOHN 2, MARK 3, AND FRANK 4

*(Exeunt up R.)*

SIDNEY

*(Rises, nonchalantly)*

My lord, I'll shoot you a game of billiards.

*(Glances at Kathryn, scornfully)*

If we don't find the billiard room occupied by a lot of common people.

LORD HENRY

*(Rises)*

Very well, Sidney.

*(X's to up L. C. To Mabel)*

Will Miss Foss umpire?

MABEL

*(Rises)*

With pleasure.

*(X's to L. C.)*

MABEL 1, SIDNEY 2, AND LORD HENRY 3

*(Exeunt up L. C.)*

ADAM

*(Having finished his hearty meal, pushes back from the table, more brightly)*

Thank you, Miss Raymond.

*(Breaks)*

But it wasn't beggin', was it?

KATHRYN

*(Rises, X's to R. 2, rings. While X'ing, sweetly)*

Certainly not, Mr. Stern.

*(X's to Adam, persuasively)*

But why shouldn't you beg when you're hungry?  
(*Kindly, firmly*)  
It's not disgraceful.

ADAM

(*Quickly*)  
Yes, I think it is.  
(*Breaks, hesitates, meditatively*)  
It's bad enough to let my little daughter.  
(*Breaks, gently, quickly*)  
I can't see her starve; so I must let *her* beg.  
(*Breaks, rapidly*)  
But, mind you, only for herself.

CHARLES

(*Enters R. 2.*)

KATHRYN

Charles, remove the table and tray.

CHARLES

Yes, Miss Raymond.  
(*X's, gets table and tray, exit R. 2.*)

KATHRYN

(*Curiously*)  
Your little daughter! How old is she?

ADAM

(*Rises, brightly*)  
Eleven years old, ma'am,—and a pretty girl in the face!

KATHRYN

(*Interestedly*)  
Where is she tonight, Mr. Stern?

ADAM

(*Sadly*)  
She's just a street waif now, ma'am.

(*Breaks*)  
I've had so little work since her mother died, a year ago,  
that she must look out for herself.

KATHRYN

*(Inquiringly)*

Of course she's too young to work?

ADAM

Last winter she had a job making artificial flowers, but she could only get about a dollar a week—and the wire cut her hands.

KATHRYN

*(Sympathetically)*

So she quit that work?

ADAM

Yes.

*(Breaks, hesitates)*

Then she got a job running an embroidery-cutting machine in a sweat-shop; but she had to tell them she was fourteen years old.

KATHRYN

*(Curiously)*

When she was only eleven?

ADAM

Yes, or they wouldn't let her work—

*(Breaks)*

and she could only make a dollar and a half a week at that.

*(Breaks, sadly)*

Anyhow, she was laid off when summer came.

*(Breaks, meditatively)*

And now she just sells papers and runs errands and begs. That's how she lives, ma'am.

KATHRYN

I'm sorry. Please tell your daughter to call and see me tomorrow. Now, will you go to the library? They must be ready to go home.

ADAM

Yes.

*(X's to up R.)*

I will send my daughter, thank you.

*(Exit.)*

KATHRYN

*(Looks about, X's to up L. C.)*

MABEL

*(Enters up L. C., excitedly)*

Kathryn, dear, Sidney is in no condition to play, and he wants you to come and play a game with Lord Henry.

KATHRYN

Very well, Mabel.

*(X's to up L. C., exit.)*

MABEL

*(X's to sofa L. and L. C., sits, takes mask from her clothing, examines it, again hides it. Looks about nervously, bows her head, buries her face in her hands, as if weeping.)*

SIDNEY

*(Enters up L. C., stops on threshold)*

What's the matter, Mabel?

MABEL

Oh, Sidney.

*(Controls herself with effort, and rises.)*

SIDNEY

*(Puts finger to lips to indicate silence. Looks about, X's to up C., glances under each portiere, again looks about, deliberately X's to up L., nervously moves sofa from wall, stoops, then rises and pushes sofa back.)*

MABEL

*(X's rapidly to Sidney)*

What is it, Sidney?

SIDNEY

*(Pointing behind sofa)*

It's a dictagraph.

*(Deceitfully)*

While you were out we were fooling with it, and we left it on. I disconnected it.

*(X's to sofa L. and L. C., indicates seat.)*

MABEL

*(Takes from clothing and holds up mask)*

Sidney! What's this?

SIDNEY

*(Disconcertedly, steps back)*

Where did you get it?

MABEL

*(X's to Sidney, with trepidation)*

It dropped from your pocket. What are you doing with a disguise?

SIDNEY

*(Rudely snatches mask from her hand, puts it in pocket, embarrassed, deceitfully)*

Why—Mabel—I'm going—it's for—er—a friend of mine who is going to a mask ball.

*(Hesitates, seriously)*

Mabel, I must talk with you.

SIDNEY AND MABEL

*(Sit.)*

MABEL

*(Anxiously)*

What's the trouble?

SIDNEY

*(Gravely)*

If father lives till tomorrow night, it's all up with me.

MABEL

*(Excitedly)*

Why, what do you mean, Sidney?

SIDNEY

*(In melancholy)*

I mean he'll change his will.

MABEL

And—

SIDNEY

*(With resignation, sadly)*

Yes. Cut me off.

MABEL

Why, Sidney, what makes you think so?

SIDNEY

*(Elusively)*

I must not tell you. But I know.

*(Taking Mabel's right hand in both his, courageously)*

Mabel, I want you to promise me—

*(Hesitates, looks around, vaguely.)*

MABEL

*(Sympathetically)*

Anything! What?

SIDNEY

Father has invited you and others to be here tomorrow night. If anything happens to me that—

MABEL

*(Emotionally)*

Don't say that.

SIDNEY

*(With dogged firmness)*

If I'm not here, and if the old man is still alive, promise me that you'll be here.

*(Ominous pause)*

Do you promise?

MABEL

*(Pensively)*

Yes, Sidney! Yes!

SIDNEY

*(Mysteriously)*

And keep your nerve, so you can tell me afterwards what happened.



MABEL.

*(Obediently)*

Of course, Sidney.

*(Appealingly)*

But can't you tell me what it all means?

SIDNEY

*(Firmly)*

Not now. You promise?

MABEL

*(Resignedly)*

Yes. I'll be here.

LORD HENRY AND KATHRYN

*(Enter up L. C.)*

SIDNEY AND MABEL

*(Rise.)*

SIDNEY

*(Not feazed. To Lord Henry)*

My lord, I would like to talk with you.

LORD HENRY

Certainly.

*(X's to table.)*

KATHRYN

Come, Mabel.

KATHRYN AND MABEL

*(Exeunt up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(Watches Kathryn and Mabel, X's quickly to table, looks about, sits.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Sits, curiously)*

What is it, dear boy?

SIDNEY

How did Payton act with the labor committee?

LORD HENRY

(*Prosaically*)

Oh, he took their side, of course.

(*Takes from tray and lights cigarette.*)

SIDNEY

(*Ominously, rapidly, agitated*)

We've got to check Payton. If we don't break his influence at once, father'll change his will, and our plans 'll be ruined.

LORD HENRY

(*Curiously*)

How ruined?

SIDNEY

(*Impressively, slowly*)

I'll have nothing, and Kathryn will have nothing; at least not enough worth while for you.

LORD HENRY

Are you serious?

SIDNEY

Impossible to be more so. Father seems under Payton's hypnotic spell, and Kathryn is becoming too much interested in him.

LORD HENRY

What can we do?

SIDNEY

We've got to humiliate Payton—make Kathryn ashamed of him.

LORD HENRY

Quite so. But how?

SIDNEY

When they come in, we must drift the conversation to Payton's favorite subject—*competition*; then shatter his arguments.

LORD HENRY

But, my dear old chap, as a guest, it would be improper for me to come down on him.

SIDNEY

You wouldn't want to marry Kathryn if she had no money, would you?

LORD HENRY

*(Trying to appear indifferent)*

Really—of course I like money, here and there.

SIDNEY

You won't have to do so much. You lead Payton out, and—

*(Rises, struts, X's to L. C., turns, faces Lord Henry, conceitedly)*

I'll smash his arguments. Will you do it?

*(X's to table, sits.)*

LORD HENRY

I suppose I'm let in for it. I'll very well try.

FRANK

*(Enters up R.)*

SIDNEY

Mr. Payton, I've had enough of your butting in.

FRANK

*(X's to L. and L. C., indifferently)*

What's on your mind?

*(Firmly)*

Out with it!

*(Sits.)*

SIDNEY

*(Quarrelsome)*

Your harebrained doctrines are stirring up class hatred.

FRANK

No. It's your contempt for sound doctrine.

SIDNEY

*(Rises, X's to Frank, angrily)*

You're inciting the labor men to trouble.

LORD HENRY

*(Rises, X's toward Frank, pompously)*

In my country, the better classes would call you a bloomin' agitator.

FRANK

Then I'm sorry for your better classes.

SIDNEY

*(Shakes fist at Frank, with bluster)*

Take a tip from me—stop it.

FRANK

*(Rises, formidably)*

See here, Sidney. Haven't you learned yet that it's not yours to command? I teach and lecture according to my convictions.

SIDNEY AND LORD HENRY

*(Come up close to Frank, as if attempting to bully him.)*

SIDNEY

You meddle in people's business! You've got father all worked up with your competition scheme and sentimental theories!

FRANK

*(Ironically)*

Your father is a big man!

SIDNEY

*(With bluster)*

I'll fix you so you won't bother him—or anybody else.

*(Braggadocio)*

You'll find out that I—

RAYMOND

*(Enters up R. To Sidney)*

I'm sorry you didn't hear the rest of the discussion.

*(X's to table, sits.)*

SIDNEY

(Sits. *To Frank, insultingly*)

I suppose you commanded father to re-employ the idle and restore the wage scale.

FRANK

(*X's to table, sits*)

I did suggest that such action would give temporary relief.

SIDNEY

(*Scowls at Frank. To Raymond*)

Father, the reduction of wages is netting us an increased profit of one thousand dollars a day.

LORD HENRY

(*Sits by Sidney. Enthusiastically*)

Wonderful!

SIDNEY

If you want to cut down our profits, go ahead.

RAYMOND

(*Impatiently*)

My son, we're not discussing the ledger now.

(*To Frank, meditating*)

You say temporary relief. Isn't that as far as we can go?

SIDNEY

(*To Raymond, contemptuously*)

Professor Payton would have you give work to every loafer in the country, and then, by some magic, bring about competition.

FRANK

(*To Sidney*)

Complete social justice will not come until we do restore competition.

LORD HENRY

(*To Frank, disgusted*)

Really, that suggests such unpleasant situations.

KATHRYN

(*Enters up L. C., X's to table, sits.*)

FRANK

(*To Kathryn, smiling*)

On *our* favorite topic.

(*To Raymond*)

Competition will assure plenty of work for all, and adjust prices to the wage conditions.

SIDNEY

Putting more people to work will *raise* prices, by increasing the demand for necessities.

FRANK

(*To Sidney*)

The supply would then keep pace with the demand.

(*To Raymond*)

You heard what the committee said.

KATHRYN

(*Animated*)

Yes, father, and I know they're right. The consumer pays a dollar for what brings the grower or producer from twenty to fifty cents.

RAYMOND

Who gets that big profit—the retailers?

FRANK

No. Their profit is modest. It's the trusts and middlemen, with their gentlemen's agreement, based on co-operation.

SIDNEY

You can't rise above the law of supply and demand. If there's a limited supply, the prices will be higher.

LORD HENRY

Quite right. It's the same over in London!

FRANK

(*Ignoring Lord Henry. To Sidney*)

But they limit their purchase.

KATHRYN

*(To Raymond)*

And the shame of it is, they force farmers to let fruit and vegetables rot when the poor need them.

RAYMOND

How can they work that game?

FRANK

Simply by agreeing among themselves as to how much they will purchase; then they can offer their own price.

RAYMOND

How do they manage to make their large profits?

FRANK

They agree to let one another alone; and then they fix the selling price.

RAYMOND

You also claim that competition would assure plenty of work for all?

FRANK

Yes. The laborers know that a quarter of your mills are shut down, but they don't know why.

SIDNEY

It's none of their business!

LORD HENRY

There you are! Professor Payton seems a bit tangled!

FRANK

*(Throws freezing glance at Lord Henry and Sidney. To Raymond)*

The manufacturers defeat the law of supply and demand precisely as the middlemen do; they employ only a part of the labor, and thus force laborers to bid one another down; and they manufacture less than is really needed, thus forcing up the price to purchasers.

KATHRYN

*(Enthusiastically)*

Father, Professor Payton has worked out a formula to solve the problem of social justice and the cost of living.

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

Do you think it feasible?

FRANK

With money enough, yes. You could restore and maintain scientific competition. That will cure the evils of inequality.

SIDNEY

Bah! Co-operation has been touted as the panacea for social ills.

FRANK

Co-operative guilds and societies have worked, and are working, for good, particularly in Europe and Asia. But the trusts have perverted co-operation and used it as a basis to stifle competition, freeze out competitors and then shoot prices sky-high.

SIDNEY

*(Contemptuously)*

You'd go back to the cut-throat method of competition? Not for mine!

FRANK

*(To Sidney)*

The cut-throat method, as you term it, was the exception, and when it occurred, but few were hurt, and the many got the benefit. Co-operation cuts the throats of the *many*, and the *few* get the benefit. Ruinous competition is inspired only by the hope of supremacy and monopoly-control—so as to get rid of competition. That will cease when merchants come to understand that competition is permanent.

RAYMOND

*(To Frank, eagerly)*

Outline your formula.

FRANK

*(To Raymond)*

Let us assume that you had created a foundation, endowing it with one hundred millions of dollars.



SIDNEY

*(Rises, scornfully)*

Assume he'd chuck in half his fortune? Why don't you assume that father has gone crazy?

RAYMOND

*(To Sidney)*

Professor Payton is only supposing.

SIDNEY

*(Disdainfully)*

It's easy to figure out how to spend other people's money.

*(Sits.)*

FRANK

*(To Raymond)*

Your corporation could go into the commission business and give a fair profit to the farmer, and then sell direct to the retailer to supply the consumer at a reasonable price. Then all commission merchants would be forced to do the same.

SIDNEY

*(Quickly)*

That would be unfair, for it would drive the honest commission merchants to the wall.

FRANK

No. The by-laws of the corporation provide that it shall make a fair profit, and withdraw from the field when the abuse shall have ceased.

SIDNEY

*(Sarcastically)*

Then your great plan resolves itself into an immense commission house.

FRANK

The corporation is free to take up any other line of business—agriculture, commerce, transportation or banking—where a trust or monopoly is exploiting and robbing the public.

LORD HENRY

(Rises, X's to table; while X'ing, to Frank, importantly)

I undertake that if your foundation is to go it on a large scale in every business, you'd need many times a hundred millions.

(Sits.)

FRANK

It would be unnecessary for the corporation to go into many lines at all, or to stay in any one line very long. Like a powerful navy, the very fact of its standing ready to put down wrongful conduct would take the place of doing it. Besides, there *will* be many times a hundred millions; for if some rich man takes that humanitarian step, many others will emulate him.

KATHRYN

(To Raymond)

Professor Payton's idea is that the Government will finally do it.

FRANK

That would be the ideal plan.

LORD HENRY

That's your trouble over here now. Your Government interferes too much with *vested rights*.

FRANK

On the contrary, we have been too lenient toward *vested wrongs*.

RAYMOND

(To Frank)

Should the Government compete with private enterprise?

FRANK

The Government bought and sold rice in the Philippines, to break the monopoly and cut down extortionate prices.

RAYMOND

Probably done to prevent revolt among the natives.

FRANK

True. But it proved the right and the power of Government competition.

RAYMOND

It's different when it comes to governing a colony.

FRANK

It shouldn't be.

*(Breaks, vehemently)*

The Parcel Post was made necessary here at home by co-operative extortion of the express companies. The cement case is another illustration of the power of Government competition.

RAYMOND

I don't believe I know about it.

FRANK

The Government manufactured its own cement to build the Roosevelt Dam.

RAYMOND

Why?

FRANK

Because the manufacturers evidently pooled their bids. The Government made a profit of six hundred thousand dollars.

RAYMOND

Wouldn't such practice cause many to depend solely upon the Government, and tend to pauperize the people?

LORD HENRY

*(To Frank, disgustedly)*

The more you help the vagrants, the more they want.

SIDNEY

*(To Lord Henry, leaning back, complacently)*

Beggars would ride the Government horse to the devil!

KATHRYN

*(To Lord Henry, good-naturedly)*

The special privileges enjoyed by the *rich* have not stunted *them*.

FRANK

Help by the Government or the individual, which gives only what is justly deserved, should not be confused with outright giving. It is more helpful than endowing public institutions. It is charity with no pauperizing tendency.

RAYMOND

*(To Frank)*

An unpatriotic President could perpetuate his administration—and become a dictator.

FRANK

It is the pride of America that we never have an unpatriotic President.

RAYMOND

No man should be tempted too far.

FRANK

The fear of corrupt use of Government patronage has been exaggerated—in fact, has been masqueraded—as a ghost to frighten the common people.

RAYMOND

Caution should attend new ventures.

FRANK

The glory of America rests upon new ventures. The army of faithful Post Office employees have never been corrupted; but the trusts and monopolies have controlled elections.

SIDNEY

*(To Frank, facetiously)*

Professor, you're a dreamer! We shall see no millennium on earth!

FRANK

*(Quietly)*

No, but we shall see the *end of slavery*; and the exploitation of one class of people by another, for unfair gain is slavery.

KATHRYN

Professor Payton's formula would give everybody a chance.

SIDNEY

It wouldn't make people cease to be selfish.

FRANK

Competition would make it *natural* and *popular* for *selfish men to do justice*—to be institutional—to play fair—

LORD HENRY

(*Interrupting*)

How can you expect selfish men to play fair?

FRANK

Because *fair play*, under competition, is to the advantage of the selfish man.

CHARLES

(*Enters up L. C.*)

A gentleman to see Lord Henry.

(*Extends tray to Lord Henry.*)

LORD HENRY

(*Takes card and looks puzzled*)

Oh—well, I say!

(*To Raymond*)

It's my solicitor. Why should I be bothered?

(*To Charles*)

I'll see him at his office tomorrow afternoon.

CHARLES

(*Exit up L. C.*)

SIDNEY

(*Rises, importantly*)

After all, it comes to this: Professor Payton would do away with co-operation, which means friendship, and substitute the old-style competition, which means war.

FRANK

Co-operation means friendship of the kind referred to as "honor among thieves"—a fair division of spoils derived from the secret, unholy plotting in merchandise that affects the health and the very life of the people.

SIDNEY

*(Contemptuously)*

What's competition but plotting?

*(Sits.)*

FRANK

Competition means open and above-board contest.

SIDNEY

Competition makes merchants cheat each other.

KATHRYN

*(Rises, gestures by pointing finger at Sidney, in playful manner)*

Co-operation makes merchants cheat *everybody* else.

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C., with paper on tray, hands to Lord Henry)*

The gentleman says tomorrow will be too late. He is waiting.

LORD HENRY

*(Takes paper, looks at it. To Raymond)*

Oh, yes. I remember now—it's a botherin' bit of business. I was to sign it today, but it quite escaped me.

*(Rises, sighs)*

I suppose I must.

*(Looks about.)*

RAYMOND

Will you see him in the library?

LORD HENRY

Thanks, awfully.

RAYMOND

Charles, show the gentleman to the library.

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Glances at paper)*

Oh, I say! Sidney, old chap, if it won't trouble you too much, would you witness my signing?

SIDNEY

*(Rises)*

Certainly.

SIDNEY AND LORD HENRY

*(Exeunt up R.)*

KATHRYN

*(To Raymond)*

I'll run up and see how Mabel is feeling.

*(Exit up L. C.)*

RAYMOND

Your formula interests me—but of course only as a theory.

FRANK

I hoped you would do it.

RAYMOND

Do what?

FRANK

Finance the plan.

RAYMOND

With one hundred million dollars?

FRANK

Yes.

RAYMOND

Impossible!

FRANK

Not impossible for you—and wonderfully proper.

RAYMOND

I never supposed you were serious—only thought you were working on a beautiful idea—suitable for books, or the stage. My first duty is to my children.

FRANK

You could use for this cause one hundred million, and still have enough left for them. Yes, use one hundred and fifty million—yes, one hundred and ninety-nine million, and still leave your children one million dollars—

*(Emphatically)*

which is more than they need.

RAYMOND

Not for their purposes. Sidney is ambitious to make a great name in the financial world. And when Kathryn marries Lord Henry, she will need a very large fortune to maintain the estates and sustain her rank.

FRANK

That would never make her happy. And as for Sidney, you don't know him. He's ungrateful,—and, I believe, unworthy.

RAYMOND

Have a care! You go too far! I have always encouraged your independent views, but when you venture to instruct me about my son and daughter—

*(Represses strong emotion)*

well, it's impertinent!

FRANK

*(Rises, earnestly)*

You should regard this plan as the greatest opportunity, and the greatest piece of business of your illustrious career.

RAYMOND

I am almost convinced that it would be a good thing for the Government to finance your formula.

FRANK

You owe it to your country, as a patriotic duty, to execute the plan, as an example to the Government.



RAYMOND

Owe it?

FRANK

Yes.

*(Pauses a couple of moments)*

If war broke out, and my country needed me, do you think I would hesitate?

RAYMOND

But you have no family.

FRANK

If I had, it would make the sacrifice the more glorious. Above my family, above myself, above everything, I would defend the flag.

RAYMOND

Such sacrifice is rare.

FRANK

History contradicts you. Look at the thousands upon thousands of fathers who have responded—not merely with money—but, cheerfully, with their lives.

*(Breaks, in deep thought)*

Mr. Raymond, by using the greater part of your fortune in this plan, and without impoverishing your children, you might prevent a similar sacrifice of another hundred thousand fathers.

RAYMOND

How do you mean?

FRANK

By averting a most terrible industrial war.

RAYMOND

Class hatred!

FRANK

Yes. But the poor prefer not to hate the rich; they like to look up to them. The rich despise the poor, and the poor know it. That's the class hatred.

RAYMOND

You threaten revolution.

FRANK

No!

*(With sadness)*

I merely read the signs.

*(Quickly)*

And you have the power, if you have the heart, to avert it. What a noble service to your country—to the world!

*(Pauses, X's quickly half way to portrait, points vigorously)*

Ah! Mr. Raymond, I have it from you that your sainted father taught you that the greatest source of pleasure is in serving your fellow-men.

RAYMOND

But he left his money to me—his son.

FRANK

He had not piled up more than a reasonable amount, and he trained you to work. You have trained Sidney to idleness; you have taught him to think that he has already won in the battle of life.

RAYMOND

I wanted to save him from hardship.

FRANK

*(X'ing to table)*

Would you train an athlete by having him avoid exercise, and by telling him he would win without competing?

*(Shakes head)*

In training Sidney for the Human Handicap, you have disqualified him by over-petting and over-feeding. You have unfitted him for the strife that really makes men. Like the average over-rich man's son, Sidney is skilled in but one thing—the art of avoiding work, and in looking upon work with contempt. His mind has become the devil's workshop. The answer is overbearing manners, dissipation, gambling—

*(Pauses, droops head, sadly)*  
and maybe crime.

RAYMOND

*(Involuntarily throws up hands, as if to ward off blow)*  
Professor! There are exceptions.

FRANK

But I fear Sidney is not an exception.

RAYMOND

*(Ironically)*

Nevertheless, I suppose I shall be selfish enough to leave my fortune mainly to my children.

FRANK

I appeal to your selfishness. You have a chance to do something for humanity, which would give you and your children more happiness than you or they could have if you omit doing it; for such is the law of compensation.

RAYMOND

You've made money, Professor—done pretty well, haven't you?

FRANK

*(Sits)*

I have fifteen hundred dollars in bank, which is all in the world I can call my own.

RAYMOND

I thought you made quite a stake in Wall Street?

FRANK

I *gained* exactly fifty thousand dollars in the campaign which you put me in.

RAYMOND

*(Laughs, derisively)*

And lost it, because you thought you were smart enough to play the game without my skill.

FRANK

No, I didn't lose it. But I have wished a thousand times I could give it back to the people from whom it came.

RAYMOND

It came from me, didn't it?

FRANK

No. You only showed me how to take it away from others.

RAYMOND

I thought you'd appreciate the favor.

FRANK

I did appreciate the fact that you wanted to please me. But to make me smile, you were willing to make many others weep.

RAYMOND

It was nothing more than business. The people invested—and—well, they lost.

FRANK

You call it business.

*(Looking up with steady gaze)*

Oh, business! What magic in that name—what a beautiful, many-colored cloak to hide crime!

*(Looks straight at Raymond, quickly)*

I call it a game—with loaded dice, marked cards, or what you will.

*(Shaking head)*

The people don't have a chance.

RAYMOND

*(Laughs, cynically)*

In your dragnet for criminals, you catch about all the rich, respectable men in America.

FRANK

No. The men higher up in the game are few.

*(Takes check from pocket, hands to Raymond)*

Here is a check for fifty thousand dollars.

RAYMOND

*(Looks at check, puts it in Frank's hand)*

Nonsense!

FRANK

Take it, and include it in the foundation for the formula.

RAYMOND

I haven't decided to create the foundation.

FRANK

But having come to realize its benefits, you will decide. You will do it. Mr. Raymond, you are less entitled to keep your millions from the people who gave it to you than I am my thousands. Your great ganglia of banks, with their interlocking directorates, like a mammoth octopus, reach their tentacles into every minute crevice of every business, and flash back to headquarters the trade conditions and the monopolistic possibilities. You then finance this merger and that; this Wall Street manipulation and that; this stock jobbery and that. Why, Mr. Raymond, while I was making my fifty thousand dollars, how much did you make out of that one manipulation?

RAYMOND

Well, well, I think our banks cleaned up something like thirty millions in that deal.

FRANK

If we could find the very people who gave it to us, we ought to give it back to them. Since we can't, let us put it to the use of all the people.

LORD HENRY AND SIDNEY

*(Enter up R.)*

SIDNEY

*(X's to sofa L. and L. C. To Frank)*

One thing you entirely overlooked—co-operation produces administrative economies and prevents waste.

FRANK

*(Puts check in pocket. Rises, X's to Sidney; while X'ing)*

And the few get the benefit of the saving.

LORD HENRY

(*X's to table. To Frank*)

Bless you, it's your bloomin' protective tariff that causes your trusts and monopolies over here. Let your Government stop that!

FRANK

The Government should either control, or force competition, in all cases of monopoly—whether it be caused by tariff, by secret trade agreements, or by the damnable money trust.

SIDNEY

Competition keeps business men constantly in a struggle.

FRANK

But it's the wholesome kind of struggle. Co-operation produces the sham battles among the giants, who are careful not to hurt one another. When I was a boy, about the most contemptible thing I knew of was for two or more contractors to enter into a secret understanding as to who should put in the winning bid. Such cases were rare, but now, amidst our orgy of co-operation, that is the customary method of controlling all our industries, and all our necessities of life—to the disgrace of American manhood.

SIDNEY

In business, as in love and war, all things are fair.

FRANK

(*To Sidney*)

It isn't fair to pretend competition where there is none. No true sport will throw a game for a share in the gate receipts.

SIDNEY

Some will always get more than others, and we'll always have loafers and beggars.

FRANK

Without a doubt! I'm not pleading for the dishonest or the indolent—either rich or poor.

*(To Raymond)*

But all should have a chance. Then we should see fewer idlers—both rich and poor—and fewer paupers and criminals. When we boast the splendor and prosperity of our civilization, that boast should come not merely from the throats of the sordid plutocrats; but, in a chorus, from the ninety million Americans.

KATHRYN

*(Enters up L. C., X's to table.)*

FRANK

*(To Kathryn)*

I think I must be going.

RAYMOND

*(Rises, putting hand on Frank's shoulder, admiringly)*

If I should decide to finance this plan, you shall have the credit. We'll call it the Payton Formula.

KATHRYN

Bravo!

MABEL

*(Enters up L. C., X's to Sidney.)*

LORD HENRY

*(To Raymond)*

A very enjoyable evening, Mr. Raymond!

KATHRYN

*(To Lord Henry)*

My lord, must you go? I'll send you to your hotel in my car.

LORD HENRY

Thank you, Miss Raymond!

KATHRYN

*(X's to R. 2., rings, X's to table, jokingly)*

I'll send you home, too, Professor.

FRANK

Three blocks? I think I could stand that walk.

KATHRYN

*(Has brilliant idea)*

Suppose you and I take Lord Henry home? I'd like a ride in the air.

LORD HENRY

Delighted!

FRANK

Fine!

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

Charles, send my car!

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

RAYMOND

Lord Henry, will you excuse me?

*(To Mabel)*

And you, Mabel?

*(To Frank)*

Professor, I'd like a word with you and Kathryn in the library.

RAYMOND 1, KATHRYN 2, FRANK 3

*(Exeunt up R.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Exit up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(To Mabel, excitedly)*

Mabel, we'll wait till the others are gone, and then start, as if I were taking you home; but I want you to go alone.

MABEL

Why?



SIDNEY

Please don't ask me why. Remember your promise for tomorrow night, and do as I wish.

MABEL

*(Mechly)*

All right, Sidney.

*(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE OUTSIDE COMING TO STOP.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

Miss Raymond's car!

SIDNEY

Please order *my* car!

CHARLES

Yes, sir.

*(Exit up L. C.)*

RAYMOND 1, KATHRYN 2, FRANK 3

*(Enter up R.)*

SIDNEY

Kathryn, your car is waiting.

KATHRYN

Very well.

*(Kisses Raymond)*

Good-night, father!

RAYMOND

I'll be up when you return. I'm going to read a while.

*(X's to table.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Enters up L. C., X's to table, shakes hands with Raymond)*

Good-night, Mr. Raymond!

RAYMOND

My lord, don't forget tomorrow night.

LORD HENRY

*(To Sidney and Mabel)*

Good-night!

SIDNEY AND MABEL

*(Bow.)*

FRANK

*(X's to table, shakes hands with Raymond)*

See you tomorrow night, Mr. Raymond.

RAYMOND

Yes, Professor.

FRANK

*(Bows to Sidney and Mabel.)*

KATHRYN

*(To Mabel)*

Shall you remain a while?

MABEL

No. I'm going soon. Good-night, Kathryn, dear!

LORD HENRY 1, FRANK 2, KATHRYN 3

*(Exeunt up L. C.)*

*(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE DEPARTING, FOLLOWED BY SOUND OF ANOTHER AUTOMOBILE COMING TO STOP.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C. To Sidney)*

Your car!

RAYMOND

Charles, please go to the library and fetch Emerson's Essay on Compensation. You'll find it on shelf three, section F.

CHARLES

*(Nods obedience, exit up R.)*

MABEL

*(X's to Raymond, shakes hands)*

Good-night, Mr. Raymond!

RAYMOND

*(To Mabel)*

Kathryn told you about tomorrow night?

MABEL

Yes, Mr. Raymond. I shall be here.

*(Exit up L. C.)*

SIDNEY

*(To Raymond)*

You're not going to do such a foolish thing as to put half your fortune into Payton's wild scheme?

RAYMOND

My boy, so long as I believe you are grateful, you may safely trust me to look out for your interests.

SIDNEY

Thank you, Dad.

*(Exit up L. C.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up R., hands book to Raymond.)*

RAYMOND

See if my secretary has typewritten this evening's dictagraph records.

CHARLES

*(Exit L. 2.)*

RAYMOND

*(X's to up C., close portieres, X's to up L. C., turns off lights, except reading-light at table.)*

*(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE DEPARTING.)*

RAYMOND

*(X's to table, stands a few seconds meditating, sits, facing down, picks up volume, turns a few leaves, reads)*

"If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions."

*(Slowly turning a few more leaves, glancing over each page, again reads)*

"If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own."

*(Turning a few more leaves, and glancing at pages, again reads)*

"Treat men as pawns and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they."

#### CHARLES

*(Enters L. 2, X's to table, hands typewritten paper to Raymond)*

The secretary says that's all that was recorded. The dictagraph stopped soon after dinner.

*(Exit up R.)*

#### RAYMOND

*(Looks through typewritten record, reads aloud)*

"And seems worried."

*(Pauses)*

"Do you think Kathryn suspected that the certain event was your father's death?"

*(Starts)*

"But she could only guess."

*(Pauses)*

"I want to be the first billionaire."

*(Turns through more pages, shakes his head, meditates, again reads)*

"I know his will is all right; but unless something happens to him soon, he'll—"

*(Starts violently, pauses, controls himself, looks through other pages slowly to the end, rises, lays paper on table, slaps his hand on it, looks about the room, sits, looks about, meditates, picks up volume, glances at it, shows signs of drowsiness.)*

SIDNEY

*(Appears at door up L. C., stealthily peeps in, disappears.)*

RAYMOND

*(Turns off reading-light, falls asleep, drops book.)*

*(LIGHTS OUT IN THEATRE, EXCEPT SPOT ON RAYMOND. SPOT LIGHT GRADUALLY DIMMED.) (Fades away.)*

*(FILM CURTAIN.)*

RAYMOND'S DREAM.

SCENE I—Same as Act III.

*(Portieres up C. parted.)*

RAYMOND

*(Sitting at table, asleep.)*

GHOST

*(Walks out of portrait frame, lifts hand.) (Cut in)*

"My son, let your conscience awaken."

RAYMOND

*(Winces.)*

GHOST

*(Cut in)*

"Think upon the poor and unfortunate."

---

SCENE II—Market-place.

Throng of poor ragged people examining  
vegetables and fruits.

RAYMOND

*(Looking on.)*

GHOST

*(Looking on, points.) Cut in)*

"The poor can scarcely buy enough food to live. Price too high."

WOMAN

(CLOSE VIEW.)

*(Picks up head of cauliflower, presses it to her bosom lovingly, holds it out at arm's length, lays it down again on market table, walks away.)*

GHOST

(Cut in)

"Cauliflower retailing at twenty cents a head, or five dollars per barrel. The grower gets fifty cents per barrel; middlemen four dollars and a half."

WOMAN

(CLOSE VIEW.)

*(Picks up apple, holds out to market man, asking price.)*

MARKET MAN

*(Gestures, quoting price.)*

WOMAN

*(Shakes head sadly, lays down apple.)*

GHOST

(Cut in)

"Apples five cents apiece, or five dollars a bushel. The grower gets eighty cents; middlemen four dollars and twenty cents."

RAYMOND

*(Hides face with arm.)*

GHOST

(Cut in)

"In greater or less degree, true of all food products."

---

SCENE III—Market scene.

GHOST AND RAYMOND

*(In foreground to left.)*

THREE MEN

*(In foreground to right; fat, sleek-looking; well-dressed, silk hats, and laden with jewelry, laughing, and, apparently, extremely happy.)*

## GHOST

(*Cut in*)

"These three are trust magnates and middlemen. They know what causes the high cost of living; they are the toll-gatherers."

---

SCENE IV—Happy family.

STEVE

(*A workman*)

MARY

(*His wife.*)

LITTLE SON AND DAUGHTER

ALL

(*At table, eating dinner*)

---

SCENE V—Scene of a strike.

GHOST AND RAYMOND

(*In foreground.*)

STRIKERS AND STRIKE-BREAKERS

(*Fighting.*)

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

(*Mingling in the fray.*)

---

SCENE VI—Laid off.

PLACARD ON FACTORY

(*Cut in*)

"No strikers will be taken back."

CROWD OF WORKMEN

(*Reading placard.*)

SCENE VII—The retreat.

WORKMEN

*(Sadly walking away from work.)*

STEVE

*(In foreground.)*

---

SCENE VIII, same as Scene IV—Hope gone

STEVE

*(Has taken sick from worry.)*

LANDLORD'S AGENT

*(Ejecting Steve and family.)*

---

SCENE IX—Steve's son neglected.

STEVE'S SON

*(Selling papers on street, has become tough—fighting with other street waifs.)*

---

SCENE X—Room in a tenement.

No furniture except three soap-boxes.

MARY, SON AND DAUGHTER

*(All ragged.)*

GHOST AND RAYMOND

*(Enter.)*

GHOST

*(Cut in)*

"Here is a specimen of the wretched poor."

RAYMOND

*(Hands coin to Mary.)*



MARY

*(Bows gratefully, hands coin to son.)*

SON

*(Rushes out.)*

MARY

*(Adjusts two soap-boxes, wipes them off with her apron, indicates seats to Ghost and Raymond.)*

GHOST

*(Makes gesture, declining.)*

SON

*(Enters, with loaf of bread.)*

MARY

*(Takes loaf, breaks off chunks of bread and hands them to son and daughter.)*

MARY, SON AND DAUGHTER

*(Eat voraciously.)*

---

SCENE XI—Bread-line on street.

GHOST AND RAYMOND

*(Watching from foreground.)*

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

*(A line, haggard, crippled, sickly and ragged, taking their portions in turn.)*

STEVE

*(In foreground.)*

GHOST

*(Cut in)*

“My son, you could prevent much of this suffering.”

---

SCENE XII—Sweat-shop.

Street beside building.

GHOST AND RAYMOND

(*Standing at outer door.*)

GHOST

(*Cut in*)

"You must visit a sweat-shop."

---

SCENE XIII—Interior of sweat-shop.

WOMEN AND GIRLS

(*Toiling with needle; some at sewing-machines, others working by hand.*)

MARY

(*In foreground.*)

GHOST

(*Cut in*)

"From two to seven dollars a week. Early morning till late night. Sanitary conditions poor."

---

SCENE XIV—Opium joint.

VICTIMS

(*Some sleeping, some smoking the pipe, some in the act of taking hypodermic injections.*)

STEVE

(*In foreground.*)

GHOST AND RAYMOND

(*Looking on from foreground.*)

GHOST

(*Cut in*)

"The last stage of the underworld. Criminals of every class, and the victims unwittingly duped."

SCENE XV—Sidney's club.

GROUP OF MEN

*(Well dressed.)*

SIDNEY

*(Pouring champagne, already intoxicated.)*

ALL

*(Lift glasses, drink and carouse.)*

*(Fades away to*

SCENE XVI—Same as Scene I.

RAYMOND

*(Sitting at table asleep.)*

GHOST

*(Walks back into portrait frame.)*

*(FADES AWAY.)*

*(FILM CURTAIN RISES.)*

*(SPOT LIGHT ON RAYMOND.)*

RAYMOND

*(Slightly rouses, turns on reading-light, again drops off to sleep.)*

SIDNEY

*(With top-coat on, stealthily X's to up C., looks behind portieres, stands in front of them, takes from pocket mask, consisting of wig, with rough false beard, all one piece, puts on over head; in loud, harsh, disguised tone)*

Raymond! Don't be a fool!

RAYMOND

*(Starts.)*

SIDNEY

You have been deceived. There is no voice from the other world!

RAYMOND

*(Straightens up, gazes into nothingness.)*

SIDNEY

You are a practical man. Beware of the advice of sentimentalists.

RAYMOND

*(Rises)*

How strange!

SIDNEY

Strange? No! Be just to your own children, your own flesh and—

RAYMOND

*(Turns about, faces Sidney, throws hands in air)*

Oh, horrors!

*(Drops to chair, swoons.)*

*(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE OUTSIDE COMING TO STOP.)*

SIDNEY

*(Hides behind portieres.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters R. 2, X's to up L. C., turns on light, rushes to Raymond, greatly excited.)*

*(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING UP L. C.)*

FRANK AND KATHRYN

*(Heard talking in entrance off up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

Thank you so much, Professor!

CHARLES

*(X's rapidly to up L. C., excitedly)*

Miss Raymond! Miss Raymond! Your father!

FRANK AND KATHRYN

*(Enter quickly up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

*(X's quickly to Raymond, takes hold of him)*

Father!

*(To Charles)*

The medicine-case and some water. Quick!

CHARLES

*(Exit R. 2.)*

FRANK

*(X's rapidly to Raymond, takes hold of Raymond's wrist to feel his pulse, looks about.)*

KATHRYN

Father has been troubled so much lately with his heart.

FRANK

His pulse is not bad. He's coming around.

CHARLES

*(Enters, with medicine-case and glass of water.)*

KATHRYN

*(Opens case quickly, takes tablet from bottle, puts tablet to Raymond's mouth)*

Here, father, this will help you.

RAYMOND

*(Swallows tablet.)*

KATHRYN

*(Takes glass from Charles, gives Raymond sip of water.)*

RAYMOND

*(Somewhat revived.)*

KATHRYN

Oh, father! You're all right now, aren't you?

RAYMOND

*(Bewildered, looks about)*

You, Kathryn?

KATHRYN

Yes, father. What's the matter?

*(Sits.)*

RAYMOND

*(Entirely revived)*

I was dreaming of my father, and I heard a terrible voice.

*(Pointing to portieres)*

I saw a frightful-looking creature.

*(Shivers)*

Oh! It's horrid! It's horrid!

FRANK

*(To Kathryn)*

There's foul play here!

*(Looks about, X's to sofa up L., looks behind it.)*

RAYMOND AND KATHRYN

*(Rise, follow Frank with their eyes.)*

FRANK

*(X's to portieres up C., seizes cord firmly, pulls cord quickly, parting portieres.)*

SIDNEY

*(Discovered, strikes at Frank.)*

FRANK

*(Parries blow with quick movement of left arm, and with right hand grabs Sidney by wrist.)*

SIDNEY

*(Struggles to escape.)*

FRANK

*(Overpowers Sidney. With left hand forces his face up to exposure, snatches off disguise, recognizes Sidney, releases hold, jumps back, throws up hands, indicating great astonishment.)*

KATHRYN

*(Vigorously points finger at Sidney)*

You! Sidney!—

*(Gives loud, hysterical yell, X's to L. and L. C., drops to sofa.)*

RAYMOND

*(Throws hands above head, as if supplicating heaven)*

Oh! My God!

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*Same as Act III. Small table at intersection of up R. C., up L. C., R. C. and L. C., on which rests a roneophone and a pile of records.*

TIME—*Next evening.*

PLACE—*Same.*

RAYMOND, LORD HENRY AND FRANK

*(Discovered at rise, in evening dress, seated at table R. C.)*

KATHRYN AND MABEL

*(Discovered, in evening gowns, seated on sofa L. and L. C.)*

CHARLES

*(Discovered, still wearing court plasters on face, working with roneophone.)*

RONEOPHONE

"My son, your conscience is awakening. You will find the way to use your fortune for humanity. You can accomplish wonderful things for civilization.

CHARLES

*(Shuts off roneophone.)*

RAYMOND

*(Rises)*

Oh! How that dream troubled me!

LORD HENRY

*(To Raymond)*

That doesn't sound like your voice.

RAYMOND

No, I intoned my father's voice, talking in my sleep.

*(Breaks, throwing glance at all present, apologetically)*

If I may just a little further tax you, I want you to hear one more.

*(Breaks, sits, picks up book, turns over leaves. To Charles)*

Charles, put on the record—of—let me see—the record of—night before last.

CHARLES

*(Takes off record, puts on new record.)*

PHONEOGRAPH

"It is not ordered that the conduct of men should be outlined by a voice from another world. The natural process of evolution must go on; it is ordained that man, while yet cumbered with the flesh, shall gradually work out the scheme of social justice. Turn your masterful mind upon it."

*(Makes brief stop.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Lights cigarette, shifts nervously.)*

PHONEOGRAPH

*(Resuming)*

"Serve your fellow-man! Don't hesitate! Beware the temptation of pride and selfish motive!"

RAYMOND

*(Rises.)*

FRANK

*(Rises, curiously)*

How about our record of last night?

RAYMOND

*(Sadly)*

Oh, yes.

*(Picks up record)*

This will serve as an example of each voice.

*(Hands record to Charles, sits.)*

FRANK

*(Sits.)*

CHARLES

*(Changes records, starts phoneograph.)*

RAYMOND

*(To Charles)*

That's all.



CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

RONEOPHONE

*(In Frank's voice)*

"Fine!"

*(In Lord Henry's voice)*

"Splendid idea, don't you know!"

*(In Sidney's voice)*

"Father, I object. I, for one, don't care to go into vaudeville."

*(In Kathryn's voice)*

"Sidney, you're too modest. It'll be great fun to hear what we've said."

*(In Raymond's voice)*

"Nobody seems to object but Sidney, and he'll be a good fellow."

RAYMOND

*(X's to roneophone, shuts it off)*

For personal reasons, I did not preserve all of the record.

*(NOISE OF MEN TALKING OUTSIDE.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C., hands Raymond a letter)*

Several people, sir; but they just want you to read the letter.

RAYMOND

*(Takes and opens letter.)*

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

RAYMOND

*(Smiling, to all)*

Oh! From the labor union.

*(Reads)*

"Resolved: That we extend to Mr. Oliver Raymond our sincere thanks for his action in restoring the wage

scale, giving work to the unemployed, and promising to correct sanitary conditions, and

"Resolved: That we wish him long life and happiness, and

"Resolved: That a copy of this resolution be immediately despatched to Mr. Raymond.

"MARK HARDING,  
"Chairman of Committee."

*(Exit up L. C.)*

MARK HARDING

*(OUTSIDE)*

Three cheers for Oliver Raymond!

SEVERAL VOICES

*(OUTSIDE)*

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

*(SOUND OF TALKING OUTSIDE FADING AWAY.)*

RAYMOND

*(Enter up L. C., X's to Kathryn.)*

KATHRYN

*(Gushingly)*

Isn't that splendid of them!

*(Rises, embraces Raymond, affectionately)*

Doesn't that give you more pleasure than money?

RAYMOND

*(Choking up, kindly)*

Yes, daughter, I'm glad I did it.

*(Breaks from Kathryn, controlling self.)*

FRANK

*(Rises. To Raymond, encouragingly)*

You have brought joy into the lives of those men and their families.

RAYMOND

*(Generously)*

Mostly thanks to you and Kathryn.

*(Resolutely)*

I mean to devote the rest of my life and the major part of my fortune to the welfare of others.

LORD HENRY

*(Rises, excited, slightly embarrassed)*

Mr. Raymond, I'm really astonished to think that dreams have actually taken hold on you.

RAYMOND

Dreams may have no significance, but they have awakened my conscience.

LORD HENRY

*(Anxiously)*

You don't mean that you contemplate doing anything with your fortune other than is customary with the American multimillionaire?

RAYMOND

*(Steeily, slowly)*

I'm not so sure that I shall be quite conventional.

*(Breaks, sadly)*

Now that Sidney has withdrawn himself from my consideration—

*(Breaks, glances at Kathryn, calmly)*

Kathryn is my sole heir—and she has ideas of her own.

MABEL

*(Flustered, rises)*

Kathryn, please excuse me?

KATHRYN

Certainly!

ALL

*(Look toward Mabel.)*

MABEL

*(Exit precipitately up L. C.)*

RAYMOND

(*To Frank*)

I read over the Payton Formula today, and if Lord Henry and Kathryn will excuse us, I'd like to talk it over with you.

RAYMOND AND FRANK

(*Exeunt up R.*)

KATHRYN

(*X's to sofa L. and L. C., sits.*)

LORD HENRY

(*X's to Kathryn, feigning light-heartedness*)

My dear Miss Raymond, this is my first opportunity to see you alone since I returned to your country.

KATHRYN

(*Indicating seat beside her*)

So it is, my lord.

LORD HENRY

(*Sits*)

Ha! Ha! Ha! I've laughed more about that bally joke on the *courthouse*—

KATHRYN

Really?

LORD HENRY

Yes! You know, I didn't see it at first.

KATHRYN

Oh! I thought you saw it.

LORD HENRY

No—er—really—er—I—er—thought—er—a great deal about it in London, and on my estates; but, you know, I didn't understand enough about your ways over here.

KATHRYN

(*Smiles*)

But you do now?

LORD HENRY

Oh, bless you, yes! When you said you were going to avoid the courthouse, you meant, of course, that you would stay away from the marriage license bureau. Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

KATHRYN

Clever, my lord!  
(Laughs heartily.)

LORD HENRY

(Seriously, anxiously)  
But surely, Miss Raymond—  
(Breaks, eyes wander about room, then adjusting monocle to eye, looks straight at Kathryn, persuasively)  
you wouldn't be the one to advise your father to leave his great fortune to any *other* than *yourself*?

KATHRYN

(Leaning back, coldly, resentfully)  
My lord, it is not for me to say what my father shall do with his fortune—but—

LORD HENRY

(Drops monocle, extends hands in appealing gesture)  
My dear Miss Raymond!

KATHRYN

I have decided not to accept one dollar of inheritance.  
(Slightly embarrassed)  
I intend either to work for my living, or to marry—

LORD HENRY

(Interrupting, hopefully)  
Yes?

KATHRYN

(Playfully)  
a man who wants me for myself.

LORD HENRY

*(Agitated, rapidly)*

My dear Miss Raymond! if you accept me, how could we live?

KATHRYN

*(Smiling)*

My dear Lord Henry! I've never told you that I *would* accept you.

LORD HENRY

But your father—

KATHRYN

*(With dignity)*

When I met you, my father, like so many Americans, wanted a title in the family. My poor brother—

*(Breaks, sadly)*

was even more determined that there should be a link between our great wealth and nobility—

*(Breaks, smiling)*

and *that I* should be *that link*.

LORD HENRY

*(Drops on knees, clasps hands, assumes imploring attitude)*

But I love you! You would make me very happy!

KATHRYN

My lord!

*(Indicates seat.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Rises, sits)*

I love you for yourself!

*(Hope revived)*

But of course you know it would be impossible for me, in my position, to marry without a dowry.

KATHRYN

So of course it cannot be!

LORD HENRY

(*Embarrassed*)

Miss Raymond, I trust I may be too gallant to find fault with anything you, or any lady, might say—

(*Breaks, looks about, adjusts monocle to eye, looks squarely at Kathryn scornfully*)

but I must express myself as feeling sort of humiliated at the manner in which you have seen fit to decline my honorable proffer of marriage.

KATHRYN

(*With mock heroics*)

My lord, as you would be gallant, I, too, would not be rude; but by asking what we'd live on, you essentially demanded my answer *here* and *now*.

LORD HENRY

My dear Miss Raymond!

KATHRYN

(*Conclusively*)

My lord, you have made it plain that you would not marry except for money, which *I will not give*; and I have made it plain that I would not marry except for love, which you *cannot give*. So, it turns out that neither one is blamed, because we have *each* refused the *other*.

LORD HENRY

(*Imploring gesture.*)

KATHRYN

(*Finality*)

My resolution is fixed! My lord, I wish you well!

LORD HENRY

(*Rises, steps back, makes grand salaam*)

Miss Raymond! an Englishman may be defeated, but he never lowers his flag of pride.

CHARLES

(*Enters up R.*)

Miss Raymond, you are wanted on the telephone.

KATHRYN

*(To Charles)*

Connect with my room!

CHARLES

*(Exit up R.)*

KATHRYN

*(Rises)*

Excuse me, please?

LORD HENRY

Certainly!

KATHRYN

*(Exit up L. C.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Looks about, straightens up, with body rigid, X's quickly to R. 2, rings, X's to L. and L. C.)*

CHARLES

*(Enters up R.)*

LORD HENRY

*(With dignified pose)*

My car, please!

CHARLES

*(Exit up L. C.)*

MABEL

*(Enters up L. C., quickly X's to Lord Henry)*

My dear Lord Henry, I'm so upset!

LORD HENRY

What's the matter, Miss Foss?

MABEL

*(With effort)*

Did you know Mr. Raymond had cut Sidney off?

LORD HENRY

Had no idea!



MABEL

*(Contritely)*

I suppose I've been foolish. I really didn't love Sidney; but I thought he could give me position and prestige.

LORD HENRY

*(Seems bored and impatient.)*

MABEL

You know, my lord, I don't care for his money. I have plenty in my own right.

LORD HENRY

*(Interested)*

Miss Foss, won't you sit down?

*(Indicates seat on sofa L. and L. C.)*

MABEL

*(Sits)*

I'm so broken up over it!

LORD HENRY

I've just decided that I can never think of marrying Miss Raymond!

*(Sits.)*

MABEL

*(Excitedly)*

How so, my lord?

LORD HENRY

She has such odd notions. We're quits. It's all decided! I told her!

MABEL

And you aren't going to marry Kathryn?

LORD HENRY

*(Proudly)*

Absolutely no! Ah—er—I say—er—my dear Miss Foss—er—you know—er—my estates require a great deal of money to keep them in the dignity of my station.

MABEL

My lord, I have plenty of money!

LORD HENRY

How—er—may I ask what you mean by plenty?

MABEL

*(Hopefully)*

Well, compared with the Raymonds, of course, it's nothing; you might say I'm a pauper; I'm almost ashamed to confess to you. I have only five millions.

LORD HENRY

*(Precipitately drops on his knees, grabs Mabel's hand)*  
My dear Miss Foss! Will you have me?

MABEL

Yes!

*(Throws herself into Lord Henry's arms.)*

KATHRYN

*(Enters up L. C., takes in situation.)*

LORD HENRY AND MABEL

*(Discover Kathryn and quickly rise.)*

KATHRYN

Pardon me!

*(Starts to go.)*

*(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE OUTSIDE COMING TO STOP.)*

LORD HENRY

Miss Raymond, one moment!

CHARLES

*(Enters up L. C.)*

Lord Henry's car!

*(Exit up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

*(Stops, gives attention.)*

LORD HENRY

*(Loftily)*

I have the honor to announce to you that Miss Foss and I are engaged! We bid you good-evening!

*(Bows disdainfully.)*

MABEL

*(To Kathryn, haughtily)*

Good-by, Miss Raymond!

*(Takes Lord Henry's arm.)*

KATHRYN

I congratulate you both!

*(X's to up C.)*

LORD HENRY AND MABEL

*(Bow acknowledgment, exeunt up L. C.)*

KATHRYN

*(Looks about, X's to sofa L. and L. C., sits, bursts into peals of laughter.)*

*(SOUND OF AUTOMOBILE DEPARTING.)*

FRANK

*(Enters up R., stops on threshold.)*

KATHRYN

*(Looks up, discovers Frank, continues laughing.)*

FRANK

Why, Miss Raymond, you're excited!

KATHRYN

Excited? I should say I am!

FRANK

What about?

KATHRYN

Fate has relieved me of a great embarrassment!

FRANK

Embarrassment?

KATHRYN

Yes, I have the pleasure of announcing that Lord Henry and Miss Foss are engaged!

FRANK

(*X's to table R. C., sits*)

Are you joking?

KATHRYN

No! Mabel, tonight, for the first time, surmised that father would disinherit Sidney.

FRANK

But why did Lord Henry abandon *his* determination?

KATHRYN

I told Lord Henry a secret, which I'll now tell you!

FRANK

(*Eagerly*)

Yes?

KATHRYN

I told him I shall accept no inheritance!

FRANK

Miss Raymond!

KATHRYN

(*Putting up her hand in protest*)

I mean it! I want father to use his entire fortune in your formula. And if I decline to accept any, I know he'll do it!

FRANK

(*Meditatively, eagerly*)

Then you *don't* love Lord Henry, after all?

KATHRYN

(*Coyly*)

No, I never did!

FRANK

(*Inquiringly*)

And the shadow was imaginary?

KATHRYN

*(Mildly astonished)*

What shadow?

FRANK

*(Impatiently)*

The shadow of Lord Henry!

KATHRYN

*(Brightly)*

Oh, I remember!

*(Breaks, unmeaningly)*

Well, he couldn't cause much of an eclipse.

FRANK

*(Doubtfully)*

And is there nobody else?

*(Fishing)*

Is there no one who stands first in your affections?

KATHRYN

*(Mysteriously)*

Yes, there's one who means more to me than all others.

FRANK

*(Discouraged, curious)*

Do I know him?

KATHRYN

*(Mysteriously)*

No, I think not!

FRANK

*(Sadly)*

Then I'm still in the shadow!

KATHRYN

*(Smiles, ironically)*

I'm afraid you are. And I'm sorry!

FRANK

*(Anxiously, softly)*

Are you engaged to him?

KATHRYN

(*Teasingly*)

No. He has never asked me.

FRANK

(*Resignedly*)

And you love him?

KATHRYN

(*Coyly*)

Yes, I think I do.

FRANK

(*Sadly*)

And you would marry him?

KATHRYN

(*Softly*)

Yes!

FRANK

(*Admonishingly*)

He wants you for *yourself*, you're sure, and not for your *money*?

KATHRYN

(*Mysteriously*)

He also knows that I shall have no money.

FRANK

(*Quizzically*)

And I don't know him?

KATHRYN

(*Smiling, frankly*)

No, my dear Professor, you certainly do not!

(*Breaks, teasingly*)

Do you remember the night you read aloud from the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table? We agreed that it

applied to everybody; there is what John thinks he is; what his neighbors think he is, and what he is.

*(Breaks, rises, philosophically)*

According to that, nobody really knows himself—

*(Joyfully)*

so, of course, *you don't know the man I love!*

FRANK

*(Rises, hurriedly X's to Kathryn, rapturously)*

*Kathryn! Then you do love me?*

KATHRYN

Yes, Frank!

FRANK

And you *will* be my wife?

KATHRYN AND FRANK

*(Embrace and kiss.)*

KATHRYN

*(Breaking from embrace, childlike simplicity, teasingly)*

Yes, if it'll please my father!

RAYMOND

*(Enters up R., hands behind back, doesn't notice Kathryn and Frank, X's slowly to table, in deep study, sits, buries face in hands.)*

KATHRYN AND FRANK

*(Eagerly watch Raymond.)*

RAYMOND

*(Lowers hands, lifts head)*

Daughter, I can't do it! I have gone all over the details of the plan, but I cannot do it!

KATHRYN

*(Hand lifted, protestingly)*

Father!

RAYMOND

*(Lifts hand in counter protest)*

It's no use, Kathryn! I'm not going to ruin your future for an act of charity. After all, we may be mistaken.

KATHRYN

But my future—  
*(X's to table.)*

RAYMOND

If you marry Lord Henry, you'll need the entire fortune.

KATHRYN

But I'm not going to marry Lord Henry!

RAYMOND

*(Rises)*  
What!

KATHRYN

Lord Henry and Mabel have just announced their engagement.

RAYMOND

*(Seriously)*  
I don't understand!

KATHRYN

I told him I had decided to accept no inheritance.

RAYMOND

*(Anxiously)*  
And then?

KATHRYN

And then we *refused each other!*

RAYMOND

*(Sits)*  
But you say he's engaged to Mabel?



KATHRYN

(*Enthusiastically*)

Yes, I was called on the phone, and when I returned Lord Henry was—

(*Pointing to floor by sofa L. and L. C.*)

on his knees to Mabel. He then haughtily informed me they were engaged.

RAYMOND

(*Reflectively*)

Then it was the *money* he was after!

KATHRYN

(*Sits, seriously*)

Yes! And it shows the curse of too many millions! Father! I want you to go on with the formula! Give your money back to the use of the people who gave it to you—and reduce their cost of living.

FRANK

(*Sits.*)

RAYMOND

And leave you poor?

KATHRYN

That is my wish. I mean it!

RAYMOND

And you refuse to accept any inheritance?

KATHRYN

I want happiness, and I shall get it that way! It's only according to the law of compensation that a great fortune wrested from the people should, in its turn, redound to their benefit. Somebody will do it some day, and I want you to have the first credit and honor.

RAYMOND

I'm an old man. I feel helpless.

KATHRYN

You want to make me happy?

RAYMOND

That's my *sole* ambition!

KATHRYN

Then create the foundation for the formula with the one hundred millions, and will the remainder to the Foundation Corporation, and I shall be happy.

RAYMOND

(*Hesitates; resignedly, to Frank*)

Put it in final shape tomorrow—the Payton Formula.

KATHRYN

(*Rises, throws arms about his neck*)

Father, you *will* do it? You have *decided*?

RAYMOND

I can do no different!

FRANK

(*Rises, X's to table.*)

KATHRYN

(*Embarrassed*)

Now, father, I wish to make an announcement.

(*Putting her hand affectionately on Frank's arm.*)

FRANK

(*Takes Kathryn's hand in his.*)

KATHRYN

(*To Raymond, timidly*)

Subject to your approval—

(*Breaks, coyly*)

Professor Payton and I are engaged.

RAYMOND

(*Rises, quickly, in mild astonishment*)

Kathryn! Since when?

KATHRYN

*(Quickly)*

Only tonight!

*(Apologetically, rapidly)*

Professor Payton would never have thought of asking me to marry him while he believed Lord Henry had your approval.

FRANK

*(To Raymond, bravely, proudly)*

Mr. Raymond, will you consent?

RAYMOND

*(Smiling complacently, solemnly, taking Kathryn and Frank by the hand. To Kathryn)*

My daughter, you have my most hearty blessing!

*(Breaks, to Frank)*

And my son! This is the sort of union that must bring happiness.

*(Releases Frank's hand, embraces and kisses Kathryn. Releases Kathryn and shakes hands with Frank. Breaks, to Frank, smiling)*

I confess that my vanity as to caste, class and titles is all gone.

*(Breaks, meditatively)*

I now realize that money is not the whole thing. I realize that too much disproportion in wealth is a bad thing for society—bad for those who are deprived of the comforts of life, and bad for those who hold such a needless amount.

*(Pauses, dreamily)*

Overfed capital wallows in its own mire.

*(Sits, reflects.)*

FRANK AND KATHRYN

*(X to sofa L. and L. C.)*

RAYMOND

*(Follows them with his eyes)*

Kathryn, I have made you happy?

KATHRYN

Yes, father!

RAYMOND

But I'm afraid I have made myself miserable!

KATHRYN

(*X's quickly to Raymond*)

Why, father?

RAYMOND

Are you as anxious to please *me*, and to make *me* happy?

KATHRYN

Why, certainly, father! Anything in the world!

RAYMOND

There are two modifications which I must make.

KATHRYN

What are they, father?

RAYMOND

First: I wish the corporation, in the discretion of the trustees, to provide against the actual want of Sidney.

KATHRYN

Sidney has money.

RAYMOND

I'm afraid he'll run through with it. I cannot help pitying him. His unhappy state is my fault. If every father so pampered his sons, the second generation would be a race of idlers, who would sap the strength of the nation and undermine our civilization; the fighting edge would be gone.

(*Pauses, dreamily*)

The lust of wealth has brought Sidney to the shame of poverty.

KATHRYN

Why, of course, father! Make that provision!

RAYMOND

*(Rises)*

And the other modification is—you must accept, as a gift outright, a comfortable amount.

KATHRYN

But, father, I said I would accept no inheritance!

RAYMOND

It shall not be an inheritance, but a gift. You must accept it.

*(To Frank)*

Professor, this must be done, or I fear I cannot go on.

*(To Kathryn)*

If you'll consent, I'll sign tomorrow.

FRANK

*(X's to D. C.)*

KATHRYN

If you'll make it small. I'd rather see the entire fortune go to the corporation—to reduce the cost of living.

RAYMOND

*(Reflecting)*

I'll make it only one-half of one per cent. of the amount that would be legally yours.

KATHRYN

Then, father, you'll be happy?

RAYMOND

Yes! Happy! As Cræsus found succor by repenting in the name of Solon, so I find happiness by repenting in the name of humanity.

KATHRYN

*(Leads Raymond to D. C., puts one arm around Raymond, the other around Frank, fairly beams with smiles)*

We're all happy, because we're going to make others happy!

CURTAIN.

22

LF Mr '33

1933 M

21



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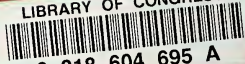
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